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WERNER'S READINGS & RECITATIONS

No. 40 Thanksgiving Celebrations

SARAH COWELL LEMOYNE

JOHN W. CHURCHILL

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no. 40

Belmar, N. J.
EDGAR S. WERNER & CO.
PUBLISHERS
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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 40

Thanksgiving Celebrations

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

STANLEY SCHELL

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION.

BELMAR, N. J.
EDGAR S. WERNER & CO.

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PART I.

Thanksgiving Entertainment

"Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit."

—*Burns.*

Program

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PART I.

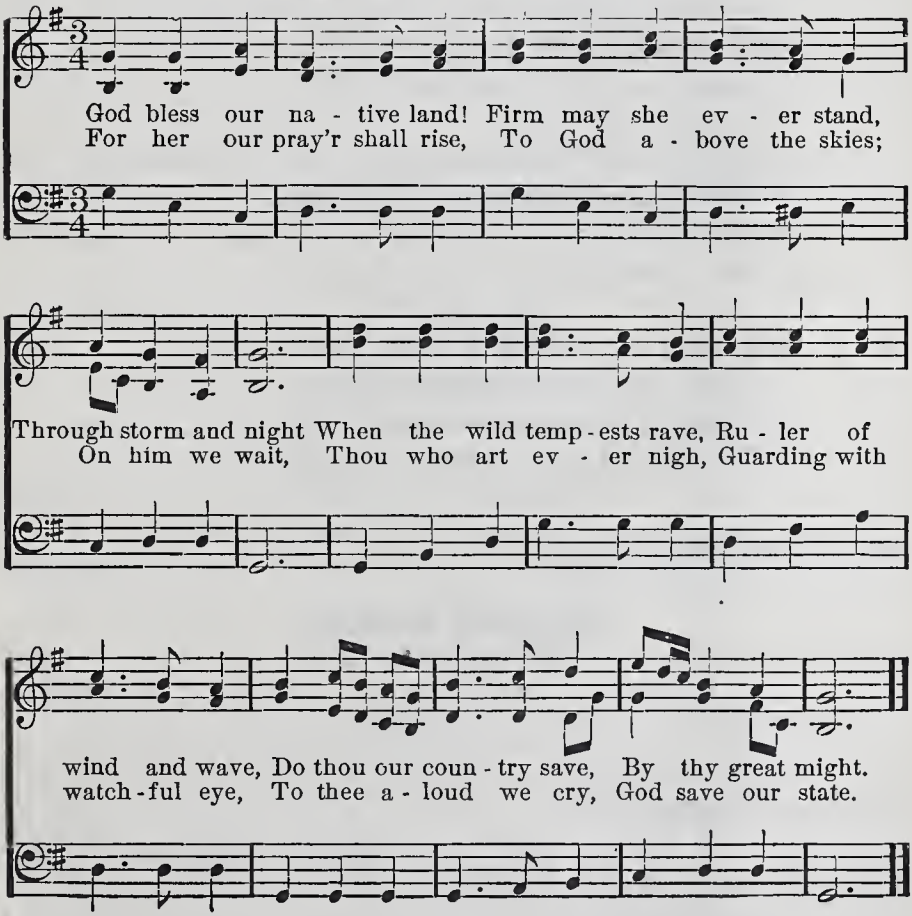
Thanksgiving Entertainment

BY STANLEY SCHELL

DECORATIONS: Fruits and flowers of autumn; relics and pictures of Colonial days and times.

I.—HYMN: *"God Bless Our Native Land."* By the School.

God Bless Our Native Land



II.—Recitation: *"Birth of Our Thanksgiving Day."*

Birth of Our Thanksgiving Day

November has come with its festival day,
The sweetest home-feast of the year,
When the little ones mingle in frolic and play,
And share in the Thanksgiving cheer.

And let us remember that tale of the past,
Of the Pilgrims who gathered their band,
And offered up thanks for the corn, when at last
It waved o'er the famishing land.

For hunger had wasted those strong, patient men,
Who struggled and labored in pain,
And the blessing of plenty which gladdened them then
Gave courage and hope once again.

And the fame of their bravery never decays,
While year after year rolls away,
Since the morning that ushered in prayer and in praise
The birth of our Thanksgiving day.

III.—Scripture Reading.

Scripture Reading

[From the Bible]

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever."

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy."

"And gathered them out of the lands from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south."

"They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way: they found no city to dwell in."

"Hungry and thirsty their soul fainted in them."

"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses."

"And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation."

"He turned rivers into a wilderness, and water springs into dry ground; and there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city of habitation; and sow the fields and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase."

"For the kingdom is the Lord's; and he is governor among nations."

"A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation; I, the Lord, will hasten it in his time."

"Fear not, O Lord; be glad and rejoice; for the Lord will do great things."

IV.—Essay: *"Story of the Pilgrims."*

Story of the Pilgrims

During the seventeenth century there was a great deal of religious persecution in England. Among those who suffered were the Puritans who, although members of the Church of England, disliked some of its forms and ceremonies and tried to make a change in them. The name "Puritans" was given to them because they sought to lead more godly lives than those from whom they differed.

On account of the persecutions, many of the Puritans settled in Holland; but only for a short time; a number of them returned to Plymouth, England, from which port 102 men, women and children set sail for America in the ship Mayflower.

It was late in autumn when they started, and when they sighted the bleak shores of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, where they landed, it was December 21, 1620. The Pilgrims, as they were

now called because of their wanderings, were sturdy, resolute people, willing to face any danger for the sake of what they believed to be their duty.

After ten months of sickness and suffering the Pilgrim Fathers gathered in their first harvest consisting of twenty acres of corn, and six of barley and peas, enough to keep them supplied with food for the coming year. For this they devoutly thanked God and made preparations for a feast. Hunters were sent out to procure the Thanksgiving dinner and returned with water-fowl, wild turkey and venison. Then the feast was made ready. Massasoit, the Indian chief, and ninety of his warriors were present.

During the following year there was such a long drought that the corn and barley were stunted, and famine seemed to stare the Pilgrims in the face. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed and kept, at the evening of which the sun set in clouds and a breeze sprang up. In the morning the rain was pouring down. The crops revived and yielded a bounteous harvest. For this a day of thanksgiving was ordered by Governor Bradford.

During the Revolution a day of national thanksgiving was annually recommended by Congress. After the Constitution was adopted, Washington appointed such a day. He also issued a second thanksgiving proclamation in 1795. President Madison recommended thanksgiving for peace in April, 1815. But the official recommendation of Thanksgiving day was mainly confined to New England. The governor of New York recommended its adoption in 1817. In 1858 thanksgiving proclamations were issued by the governors of eight of the Southern states. In 1863, Lincoln made a proclamation for national observance, and since then a proclamation has been issued every year, the last Thursday in November being set aside as Thanksgiving.

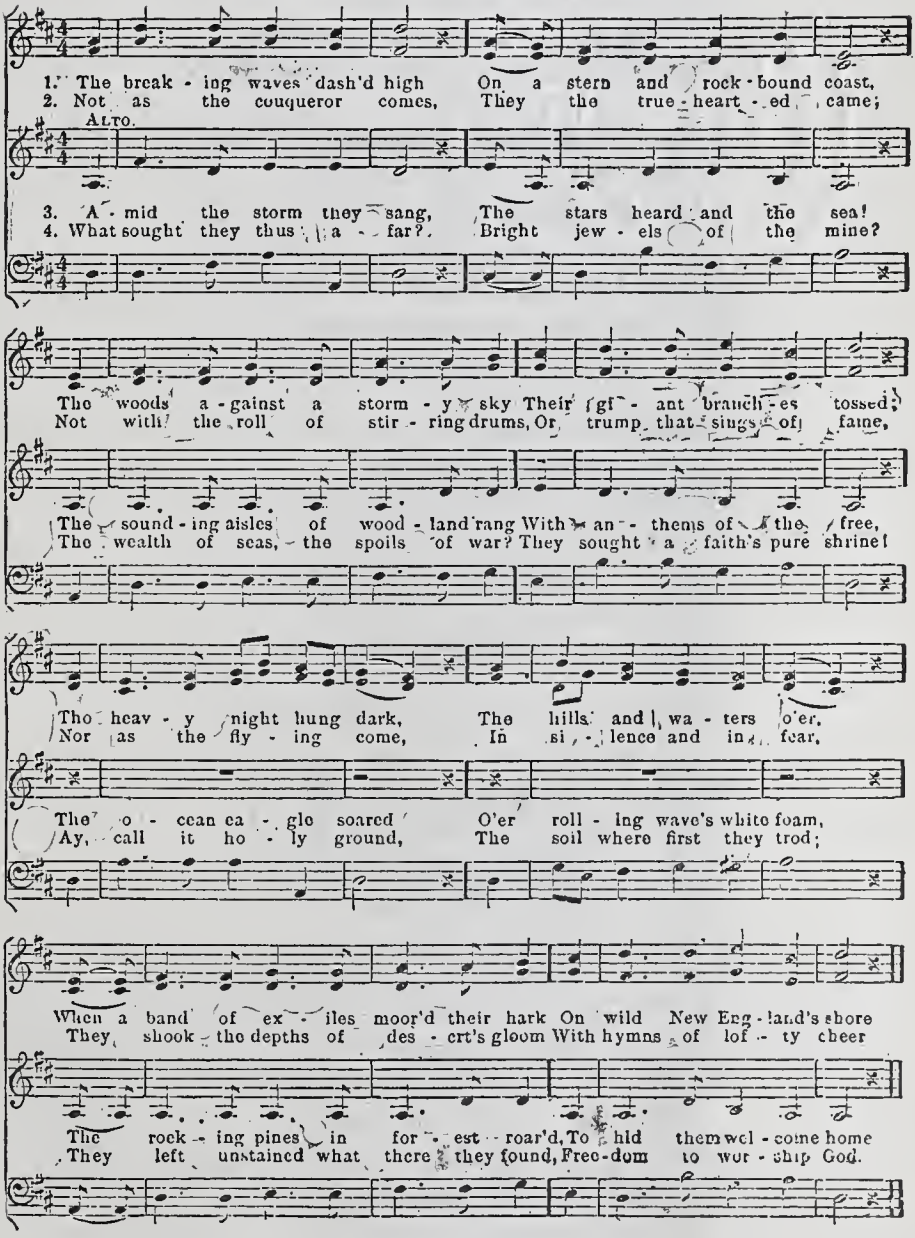
V.—Chorus: *"Landing of the Pilgrims."*

(See page 15.)

VI.—Recitation: *"The Little Pilgrim."*

(See page 16.)

Landing of the Pilgrims



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The Little Pilgrim

It was a gloomy April day;
The Mayflower still at Plymouth lay,
To-morrow she would sail away.

Brave Richie More, with grave Trevore,
Stood in the freshening gale,
"The Mayflower trims her sails to-day,
To-morrow she will sail."
The sailor said, "Come you with me,
My little orphan boy," said he,
"And back to England go!

"The storms have left the ocean clear,
And shines the April sun;
And dead lie half the Pilgrims here,
Ere half the year is done.
Come you with me, come follow me,
My little orphan boy," said he,
"And back to England go!

"Yonder your brother Jasper sleeps,
The long green hill below;
Your sister too was laid beneath
The mayflowers in the snow.
Come you with me, come follow me,
My little orphan boy," said he,
"And back to England go!"

"O dear Trevore," brave Richie said,
"The Pilgrims met to-day,
To see who had the faith to stay
And who would sail away.
They saw the flag rise o'er the sea,
But none would yield up liberty,
And back to England go!

"And lovely Mary Allerton
The backhouse door passed by,
'I'll, too, be true,' said she to me,
And so to her, said I,
'We little Pilgrims would be free,'
And so I can not follow thee,
And back to England go!"

The Mayflower o'er the April tide
Upraised her wings of snow;
The Pilgrims watched her from the graves
Of those they loved; and low,
Sweet Mary Allerton, said she
To Richie More, beside the sea,
"We'll not to England go!"

The little Pilgrims stayed and made
For us a nation free;
And all we children are to-day
As true to liberty
As those by Plymouth rock, who stood
And saw the Mayflower sail and would
Not back to England go!

VII.—RECITATION: *"The First Thanksgiving Day."*

The First Thanksgiving Day

"There was great store of wilde turkies of which they took many beside venison. The fowlers had been sent out by the Governor that so they might—after a special manner—rejoice together after they had gathered the fruits of their labors."—*Palfrey's "History of New England."*

In Puritan New England a year had passed away,
Since first beside the Plymouth coast the English Mayflower lay,
When Bradford, the good Governor, sent fowlers forth to snare
The turkey and the wild fowl, to increase the scanty fare:—

" Our husbandry hath prospered, there is corn enough for food,
Though ' the pease be parched in blossom, and the grain indifferent
good.'
Who blessed the loaves and fishes for the feast miraculous
And filled with oil the widow's cruse, He hath remembered us!

' Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts, by whom we all are fed,
Who granted us our daily prayer, ' Give us our daily bread!'
By us and by our children let this day be kept for aye,
In memory of his bounty, as the land's Thanksgiving Day."

Each brought his share of Indian meal the pious feast to make,
With the fat deer from the forest and the wild-fowl from the
brake.
And chanted hymn and prayer were raised—though eyes with
tears were dim—
" The Lord He hath remembered us, let us remember Him!"

Then Bradford stood up at their head and lifted up his voice:
" The corn is gathered from the field, I call you to rejoice;
Thank God for all His mercies, from the greatest to the least;
Together have we *fasted,* friends, together let us *feast.*

" The Lord who led forth Israel was with us in the waste;
Sometime in light, sometime in cloud, before us he hath paced;
Now give Him thanks, and pray to Him who holds us in His hand
To prosper us and make of this a strong and mighty land!"

From Plymouth to the Golden Gate, to-day their children tread,
The mercies of that bounteous Hand upon the land are shed;
The " flocks are on a thousand hills," the prairies wave with grain,
The cities spring like mushrooms now where once was desert-
plain.

Heap high the board with plenteous cheer and gather to the feast,
And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never ceased.
Give praise to that All-Gracious One by whom their steps were
led,
And thanks unto the harvest's Lord who sends our " daily bread."

VIII.—President's Thanksgiving Proclamation, 1900.

President's Thanksgiving Proclamation, 1900

"It has pleased Almighty God to bring our nation in safety and honor through another year. The works of religion and charity have everywhere been manifest. Our country through all its extent has been blessed with abundant harvests. Labor and the great industries of the people have prospered beyond all precedent. Our commerce has spread over the world. Our power and influence in the cause of freedom and enlightenment have extended over distant seas and lands. The lives of our official representatives and many of our people in China have been marvelously preserved. We have been generally exempt from pestilence and other great calamities, and even the tragic visitation which overwhelmed the city of Galveston made evident the sentiments of sympathy and Christian charity by virtue of which we are one united people.

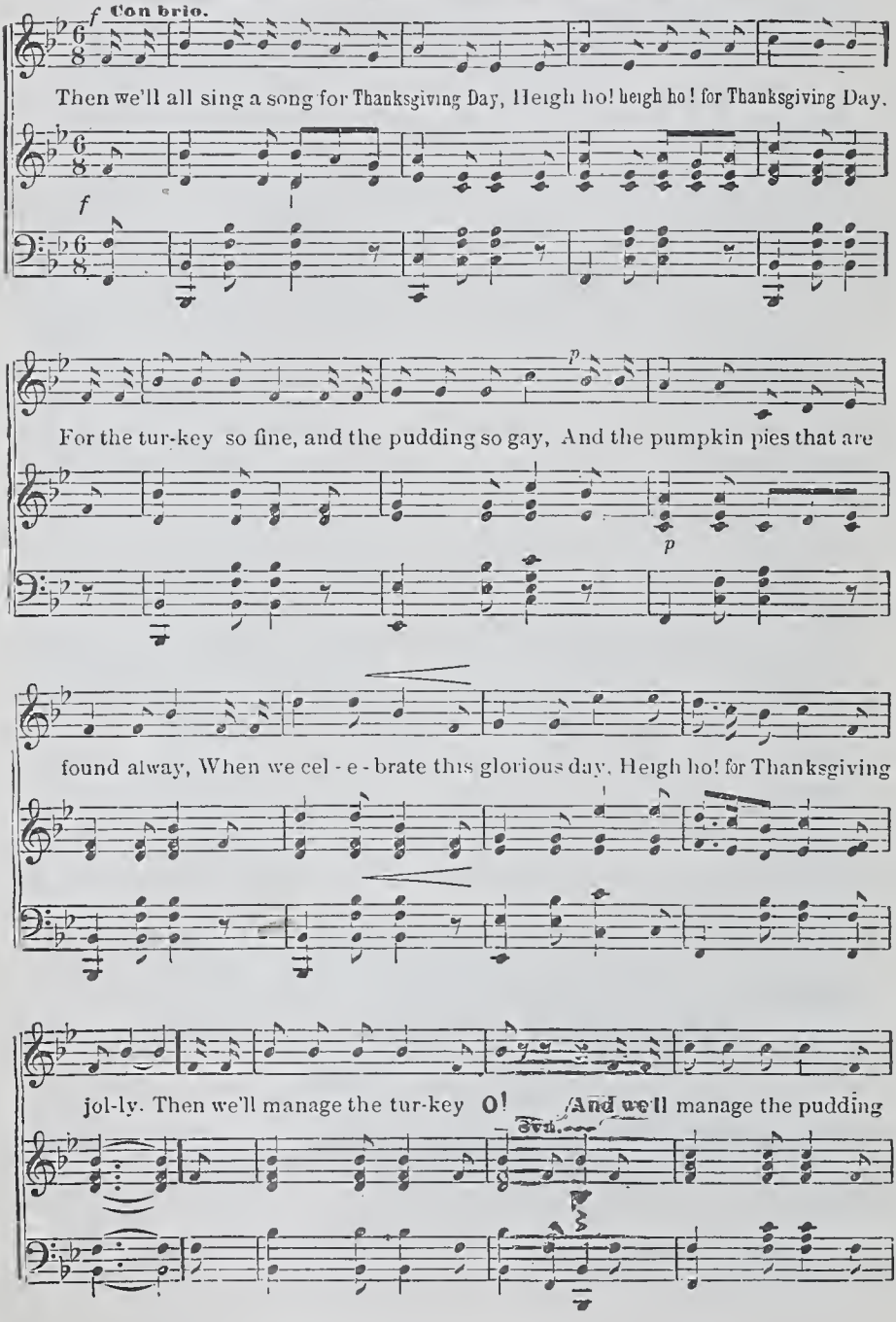
"Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 29th of November next, to be observed by all the people of the United States, at home and abroad, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Him who holds the nations in the hollow of His hand. I recommend that they gather in their several places of worship and devoutly give Him thanks for the prosperity with which He has endowed us, for seed-time and harvest, for the valor, devotion and humanity of our armies and navies, and for all His benefits to us as individuals and as a nation, and that they humbly pray for the continuance of His divine favor, for concord and amity with other nations, and for righteousness and peace in all our ways.

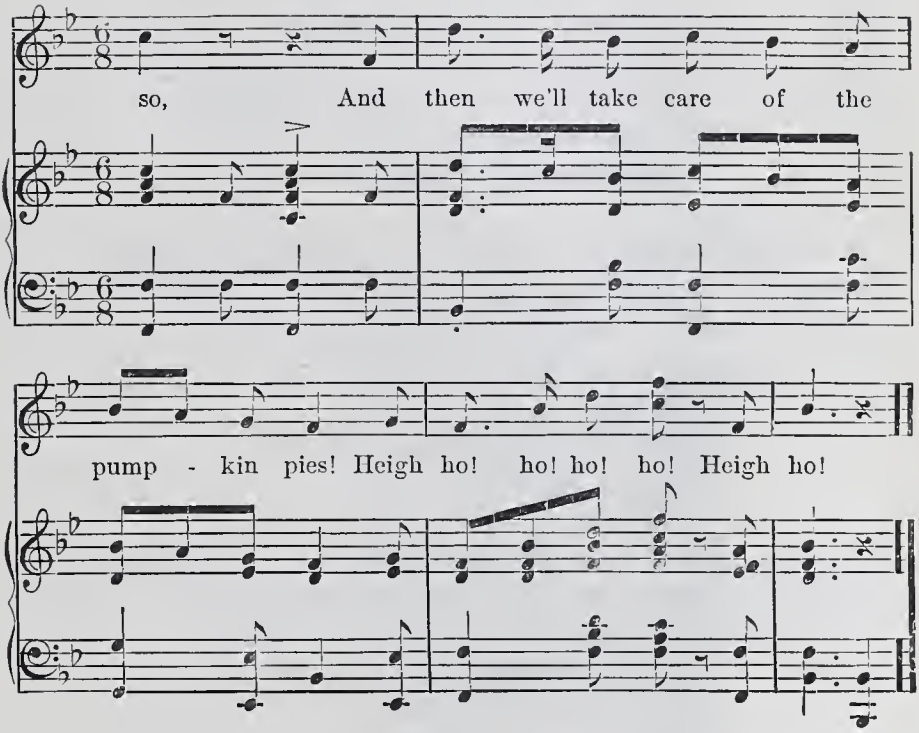
"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington this 29th day of October in the year of Our Lord one thousand and nine hundred, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-fifth."

IX.—Chorus: "*Heigh Ho! For Thanksgiving Day.*"

Heigh Ho! For Thanksgiving Day





X.—RECITATION:- *"Thanksgiving Philosophy."*

Thanksgiving Philosophy

"Hiss! Hiss!" said the Goose, "they've taken us three
To fatten for Christmas—such songsters as we!
I'll be tough as a goose! It's a sin and a shame!
Be wise, Mister Turkey, and you'll do the same.
"Hiss!" said the Goose,
"I call it abuse!"
"Quack!" said the Duck,
"I call it good luck,

Just think of the dainties they give us to eat,
Such apple-cores, squash-seeds, and gristles of meat!
Let's be off for a lunch; see how fast I can hobble."
But the Turkey only answered with a
"Gobble! gobble! gobble!"

"Hiss! Hiss!" said the Goose, "'tis a sad want of luck!
You don't know a thing; you're a goose of a duck!
A regular quack—you haven't any brains;
You don't know enough to go in when it rains."
"Quack!" said the Duck,
"'Tis a world of good luck!"
"Hiss!" said the Goose,
"'Tis a world of abuse!"
"Quack! Quack!" said the Duck, "what a great goose you are."
"Hiss!" shrilled the Goose, till you heard her afar.
"Hiss! Mister Turkey, the world is full of trouble."
But the Turkey only answered with a
"Gobble! gobble! gobble!"

XI.—Recitation: *"The Pumpkin."*

The Pumpkin

Oh! greenly and fair in the land of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold
With broad leaves all greenness, and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire of rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold

Through orange leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home from the north,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are circling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South, came the Pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn mother smiles where the girl smiled before—
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin-pie?

Oh, fruit loved by boyhood! the old days recalling,
When wood grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling,
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glared out through the dark with a candle within,
When we laughed round the corn heap with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach with two rats for her team.

Then thanks for the present! none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at pastry more fine;
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine;
And the prayer which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never grow less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like the pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair, as thy own pumpkin-pie!

XII.—CHORUS: *"The Pie Song."* By Six Small Boys.

(See page 25.)

XIII.—ENTERTAINMENT: *"The Pumpkin-Pie Makers."*

The Pumpkin-Pie Makers

CHARACTERS:

GODDESS OF THE PUMPKIN-PIE.	SPICE BOYS.
TEN LITTLE MAIDS.	FLOUR MAIDENS.
PUMPKIN RUNNER BOYS.	LITTLE MILKMEN.
EGG MAIDENS.	SUGAR MAIDENS.

COSTUMES:

GODDESS in pumpkin colored cheese cloth, cap of same material, having gilt paper star in front. A wand covered with gilt paper in her hand.

TEN LITTLE MAIDS in short-waisted white cheese cloth gowns; hair waved and flowing.

PUMPKIN RUNNER BOYS with snow shoes, black suits, big yellow wigs, and yellow ties.

EGG MAIDENS wear white suits, trimmed with egg yellow cheese cloth, slippers and sashes of same color.

SPICE BOYS wear brown suits and mottled ties.

FLOUR MAIDENS wear black dresses covered with flour dust.

LITTLE MILKMEN wear blue overalls and calico shirts, no collars.

SUGAR MAIDENS wear cream gowns and pink sashes.

DIRECTIONS: All the little maidens should trip in lightly and gracefully. The boys come gliding in or come in making a noise.

SCENE: As curtain rises GODDESS OF THE PUMPKIN-PIE is seen at stage L. C., seated on throne. From stage R. enter TEN LITTLE MAIDS, who trip across the stage and bow low to GODDESS, then face audience.

TEN LITTLE MAIDS [*sing*]:

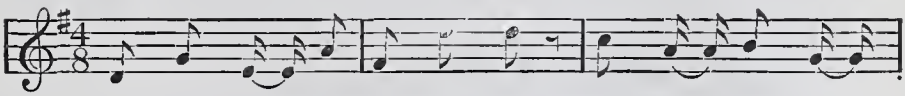
Ten little maids from school are we,
Joyous and happy and full of glee;
Home for vacation, and glad to see.
The Goddess of Pumpkin-Pie.

[TEN LITTLE MAIDS *face* GODDESS.]

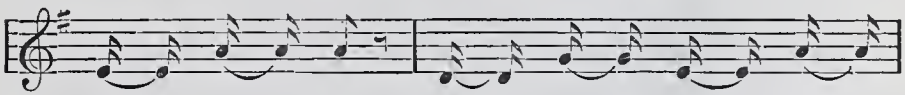
GODDESS. Who can eat a pumpkin-pie?

(Continued on page 26.)

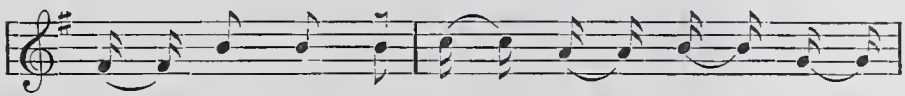
The Pie Song



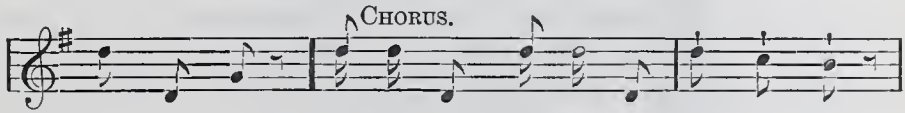
Big pies, lit-tle pies, thick and thin, Baked in a plate either
Chicken pie, cherry pie, cream pie too, Lemon pie.. black-berry,
One piece, two pieces, three or four; Never had enough, always
Gooseberry, raspberry, sour and sweet; Cran-ber-ry, ap-ri-cot,



i-ron or tin. Mince pie, cust-ard pie,
a-ny kind will do. Cur-rant pie, cur-rant pie,
called for more. E-ven to the mud pies we
good e-nough to eat. Pumpkin pie, O! pumpkin pie is

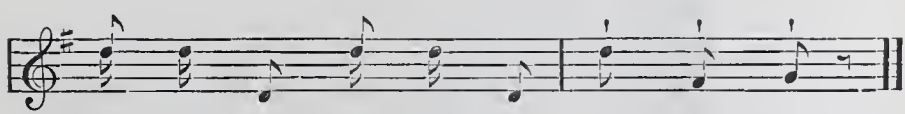


ap-ple or plum, Peach pie, sug-ar pie,
nice and brown, We've sam-pled all the best
made when small, When we're ver-y hung-ry we can
the pie for me. There are no oth-er pies that



CHORUS.

yum! yum! yum! Peach pie! peach pie! pie! pie! Yum! yum! yum!
pies in town. Chick-en pie! chick-en pie! Yum! yum! yum!
eat them all! Mud pies! mud pies! Yum! yum! yum!
I can see When there's pumpkin pie! pumpkin pie! Yum! yum! yum!



Peach pie! pie! Peach pie! pie! Yum! yum! yum!
Chick-en pie! Chick-en pie! Yum! yum! yum!
Mud pies! Mud pies! Yum! yum! yum!
O pump-kin pie! pump-kin pie! Yum! yum! yum!

TEN LITTLE MAIDS [*dancing around in a circle, shout*]. I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I.

[*Each in turn, voices ascending the scale to sol, then back from sol.*]

GODDESS. Who can make a pumpkin-pie?

[TEN LITTLE MAIDS *look sad, then each in turn sighs and shakes head.*]

GODDESS. Poor dears! Well, here's a recipe good and true,
Which I now gladly give to you.

[*Hands one of them a long, narrow strip of paper, and another a bell. They stand in straight line across back of stage.*]

GODDESS. When all is ready tap the bell,
And forth will come, as in a spell,
All things you need; so do it well.

[*The maid with bell taps it, and then passes bell to next girl, Enter* PUMPKIN RUNNER BOYS *stage R. They roll before them a large yellow pumpkin. When near* GODDESS'S *throne they bow low, and speak.*]

PUMPKIN RUNNER BOYS. We have come to represent
At your call our pumpkin race.

[*They bow, roll pumpkin to stage C., and step to one side. Next maiden taps bell and passes it. Enter* EGG MAIDENS *stage R. with baskets of white eggs. They bow to* GODDESS, *then speak.*]

EGG MAIDENS. Eggs you're wanting.
Our white shells
Of good health
Right plainly tell.

[*They place baskets of eggs a short distance from pumpkin, then move to one side. Next girl taps bell. Enter* SPICE BOYS. *They bring large pans of spice, bow to* GODDESS, *then speak.*]

FIRST SPICE BOY. I am ginger. [*Puts pan of ginger on floor near eggs.*]

SECOND SPICE BOY. I am cloves. [*Puts pan of cloves next.*]

ALL SPICE BOYS. Don't let us get too near your nose. [*Put down rest of pans, making circle about pumpkin.*]

[*They step to one side. Next maid taps bell and then passes it. Enter* FLOUR MAIDENS *bearing large wooden trays of flour. They bow to* GODDESS, *then whirling about, speak.*]

FLOUR MAIDENS. We're the flour, white and clean,
Don't you see? [*whirl*] don't you see? [*whirl*]
Better you have never seen,
Don't you see? [*whirl rapidly*] don't you see?
[*whirl rapidly*].

[*They set flour down, then step to one side. Next maid taps bell and passes it, while* LITTLE MILKMEN *enter bearing brown jugs of milk. They bow to* GODDESS, *then speak.*]

LITTLE MILKMEN. Milk is very good to drink,
Which we can testify,
For pumpkin pie you'll need, I think
Our brown jugs' best supply.

[*They set jugs beside flour, then step to one side. Maid taps bell. Enter* SUGAR MAIDENS *with bowls of sugar. They bow to* GODDESS, *then speak.*]

SUGAR MAIDENS. We bring forth the sugar sweet;
Taste of it, it's good to eat.

[*They set sugar down, forming a second circle, and skip to one side.* GODDESS *waves her wand, and the* TEN LITTLE MAIDS *glide around the pumpkin and in and out among the other things, as if mixing, singing as they go chorus to tune of "Yankee Doodle."*]

We will have a pumpkin pie, pumpkin pie, pumpkin pie,
We will have a pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving dinner.

[*Repeat the march and song over and over again until the pie is supposed to be thoroughly mixed. Then step to one side and the* EGG MAIDENS, FLOUR MAIDENS, *and* SUGAR MAIDENS *form a close circle about the things. Then the* PUMPKIN RUNNER BOYS, SPICE BOYS, *and* LITTLE MILKMEN *form circle outside of them. All kneel, faces in, and bend heads toward the center of circle. Then* TEN LITTLE MAIDS *separate, advancing from all sides of stage looking over kneeling ones, and nodding to one another with air of satisfaction.*]

ONE LITTLE MAID FROM SCHOOL. Now it's ready for the baking.

ANOTHER LITTLE MAID FROM SCHOOL. Oh, what fun there is in making,

ALL LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL. A good pumpkin pie.

[TEN LITTLE MAIDS *now pass to position in front of* GODDESS *and kneel.*]

GODDESS. Blessings on you little Maids,
These materials, and all aids,
Blessings on your Pumpkin Pie.

[GODDESS *rises, waves wand, and moves toward stage R. followed by* TEN LITTLE MAIDS. When near door GODDESS *waves wand again and the pie materials lift heads, rise slowly and glide off stage with materials, in the order in which they entered.*]

[CURTAIN.]

XIV.—CHORUS: *"The Thanksgiving Turkey."*

(See page 29.)

II.

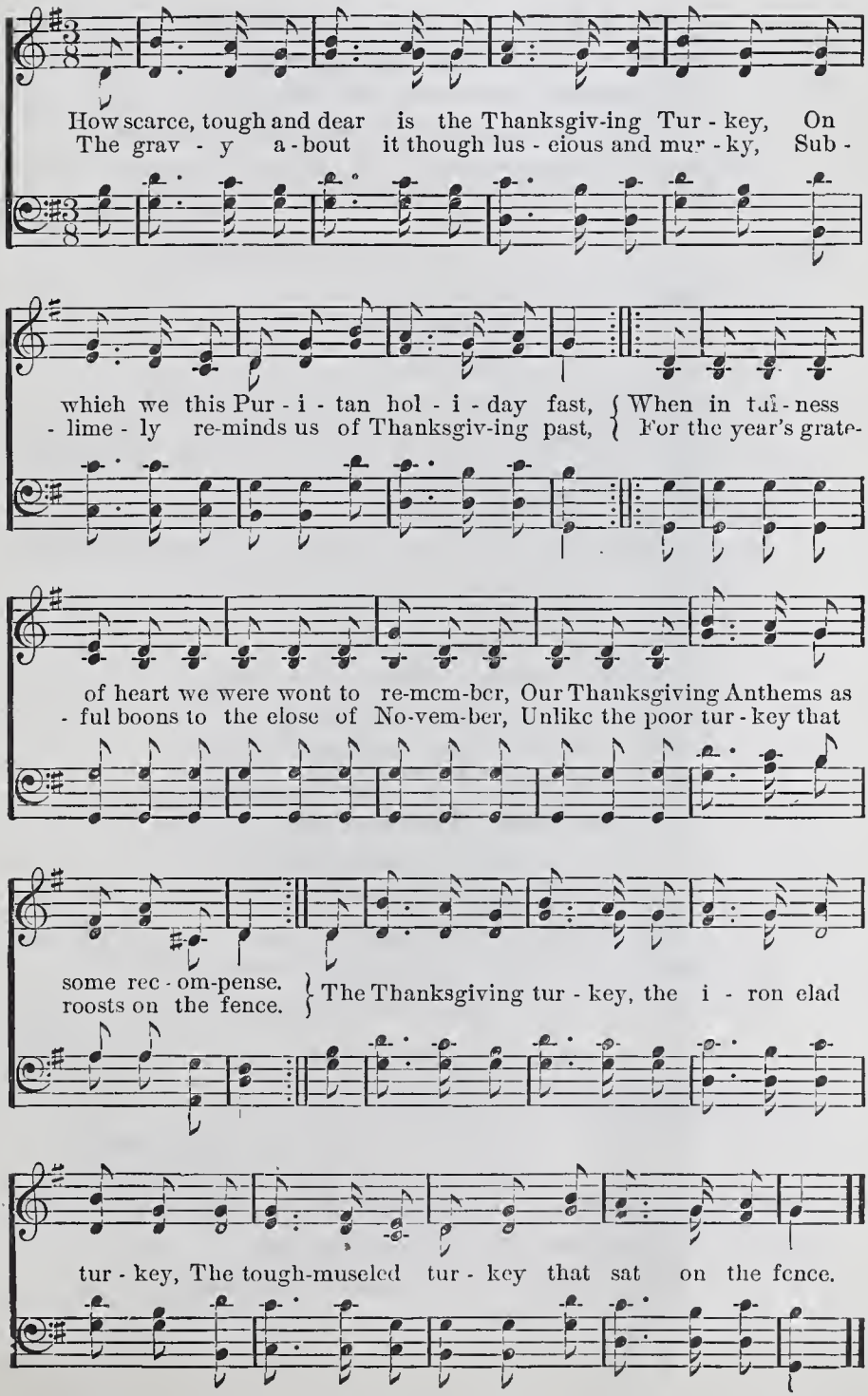
We have much to be thankful for; all will admit it,
As of life's varied picture the bright side we view,
Though its dark shadows lingered, and sunshine had flitted,
Though our trials were many and blessings were few,
We still can give thanks that life is worth living,
That Hope's pointed rays pierce the clouds that look dense,
Our conditions we master, content and forgiving—
Unlike the lean turkey that roosts on the fence,
The Thanksgiving turkey, the sharp-breasted turkey,
The tendon-thew'd turkey that roosts on the fence.

III.

That proud ancient turkey that strutted for seasons,
The lord of the barnyard, orchard and lawn,
Like an ill-fated felon convicted to Treason's
Guillotine, scalded, dissected and drawn;
The pride that upheld him until he grew hoary,

(Continued on page 30.)

The Thanksgiving Turkey



Is humbled to sate prouder man's abstinence.
He died like a martyr of Thanksgiving glory,
The colonial gobbler that sat on the fence—
The Thanksgiving turkey, that toothless old turkey,
That ancient brained turkey that sat on the fence.

IV.

When far gathered friends surround the home table,
And thanks render up for reunion and peace,
They seem to forget, like the fox in the fable,
The warfare they're making on Turkey and Grease.
On the red-gilled old gobbler the pride of the farm,
With sharp-whetted knives and stout forks they commence,
To hold a post-mortem on a being void of harm
The scraping winged turkey that sat on the fence,
The tough-fleshed old turkey, the onion-stuffed turkey,
The flower-decked turkey that sat on the fence.

V.

Dame Nature would seem to maliciously cozen,
The Thanksgiving mortals all over the land,
For the turkey, to-day, should of legs have a dozen
Or two, to half meet the fair household demand;
Pope's noses and wishbones and light-colored pinions,
And bosom-cuts few betray much negligence
In nature to satisfy Thanksgiving minions,
With a centiped turkey to sit on each fence,
The tough-hided turkey, the whalebone-winged turkey,
The jaw-breaking turkey that sat on the fence.

VI.

No more, hoary gobbler, in lanes that are shady,
Thou'lt strut in thy pride where antique brambles crack,
Like a gent in store clothes or a stylish young lady,
In feathers and flowers or new seal-skin sacque;
The tuft on thy bosom lies dormant of feeling,
Thy proud crested head has of anguish no sense,

In parsley and lettuce thy corpse is revealing
The death-stricken turkey that sat on the fence—
The zinc-plated turkey, the cottonwood turkey,
The tooth-tugging turkey that sat on the fence.

XV.—Recitation and Song: *"The Spellers."* By Twelve Small Folks.

The Spellers

[*Let pupils taking part stand on a line, each provided with a large letter made of cardboard and covered with silver paper. As each one recites his couplet let him hold his letter before him so that audience may see it; then lower it again out of sight until all recite the last stanza; then all raise letters together, making the word "THANKSGIVING."*]

First Pupil. T stands for Thank you, the word that we say
When we remember this Thanksgiving day.

Chorus of Children. [*Tune*: *"Yankee Doodle."*]
The turkey brown has come to town
And all he says is Gobble.
He struts around with wings well down
And all the while sings Gobble.
Strut and pose and step and prance
And, if you must, sing Gobble.

Second Pupil. H is for Happy, the way that we feel
Just before eating our Thanksgiving meal.

Chorus of Children [*same as before*].

Third Pupil. A stands for All, all our family dear
Whom we like with us to help make good cheer.

Chorus of Children [*same as before*].

Fourth Pupil. N for November—the sky may be gray,
Yet we are glad and our spirits are gay.

Chorus of Children [*same as before*].

FIFTH PUPIL. K is for Kindness, and if we are good,
Those who are poor shall have some of our food.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN [*same as before*].

SIXTH PUPIL. S is the Season for pudding and pie,
Turkey and dressing and gravy—oh, my!

CHORUS OF CHILDREN [*same as before*].

SEVENTH PUPIL. G is for Gobbler, our national bird,
When he is dressed he says never a word.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN [*same as before*].

EIGHTH PUPIL. I stands for Ill, which we surely shall be
If we eat greedily of all that we see.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN [*same as before*].

NINTH PUPIL. V stands for Vain, like the gobbler we see—
All right for turkeys, but not you or me.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN [*same as before*].

TENTH PUPIL. I is for Ill, as you just have been told.
Health is worth far more than silver and gold.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN [*same as before*].

ELEVENTH PUPIL. N stands for Nuts, hazel—hickory—wal—
Beech—chest—and butter—we love one and all.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN [*same as before*].

TWELFTH PUPIL. G is for Give. If we freely receive
So let us freely and willingly give.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN [*same as before*].

ALL [*holding up cards*].

Thanksgiving, thanksgiving, thanksgiving,
So each and all of us call!
For the many good gifts that are ours
From God, the giver of all.

PART II.

Thanksgiving Program

Program

PART II.

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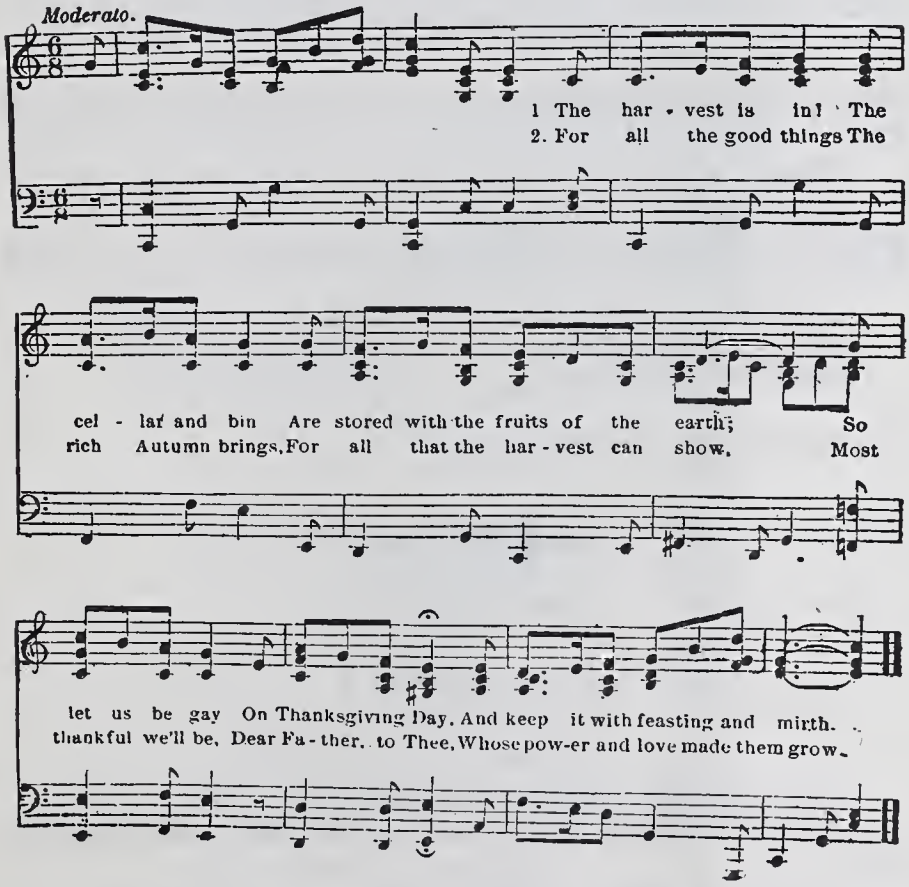
PART II.

Thanksgiving Program

Arranged by HARRIET C. WATERHOUSE

I.—CHORUS: *"Thanksgiving for Harvest."*

Thanksgiving for Harvest

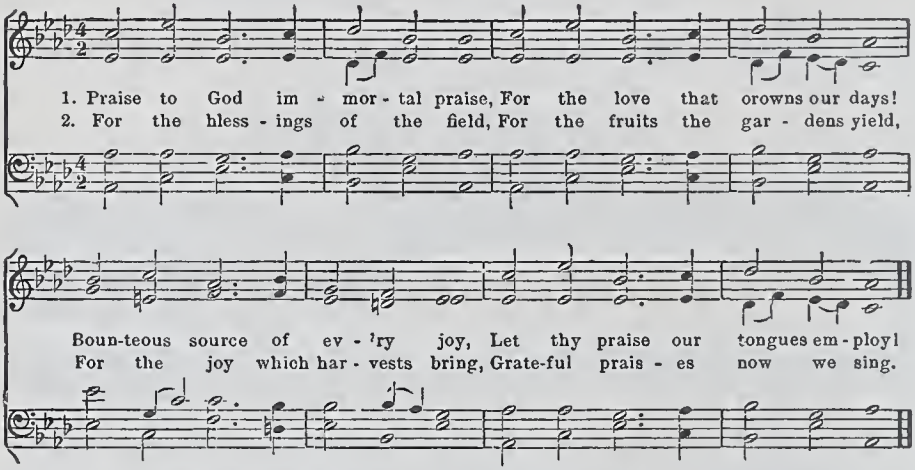


II.—READING: *President's Thanksgiving Proclamation.*

(Use either the proclamation given on page 19 of this book or the proclamation of the President in office.)

III.—CHORUS: *"Thanksgiving."*

Thanksgiving



3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise:
And when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

IV.—DIALOGUE: *"Joseph's Story."*

Joseph's Story

BY J. G. HOLLAND

[From "Bitter Sweet"]

CHARACTERS:

RUTH. A girl dressed as a woman.

JOSEPH. A large, clumsy boy, but one with some dramatic ability.

SAMUEL. A boy of about 12 years.

REBEKAH. A girl of about 14 years.

Three or four smaller children.

SCENE: A New England kitchen. A fireplace; an old-fashioned clock; a table on which are apples, jug of cider and glass;

two or three wooden-bottomed chairs; dried apples strung across the ceiling; bunches of dried herbs and corn hung in corners.

When the curtain is raised the children are seated in a semi-circle playing "Button-Button." JOSEPH is hunting the button and the others are playing tricks on him. Some one pulls his coat, some one gets in his way, and finally some one trips him up. JOSEPH falls and as he rises rubs his nose and says:

JOSEPH. Have we not had "Button-Button" enough,
And "Forfeits," and all such silly stuff?

[*He takes the handkerchief from his eyes.*]

SAMUEL. Well, we were playing "Blind-Man's Buff"
Until you fell, and rose in a huff,
And declared the game was too rude and rough,
Poor boy! [*Holds his sides and laughs.*] What a pity he isn't tough!

ALL [*laughing and making fun of* JOSEPH].
Ha! ha! ha! what a pretty boy!
Papa's delight, and mamma's joy!
Wouldn't he like to go to bed,
And have a cabbage-leaf on his head?

JOS. [*pouting*]. Laugh, if you like to! Laugh till you're gray!
But I guess you'd laugh another way
If you'd hit your toe [*holds up foot and rubs it*] and fallen like me,
And cut a bloody gash in your knee,
And bumped your nose and bruised your shin,
Tumbling over the rolling-pin
That rolled to the floor in the awful din
That followed the fall of the row of tin
That stood on the dresser.

[*He rubs each spot as he speaks of his hurts. The others laugh, some holding their sides, some pointing a finger at him, except* REBEKAH, *who first laughs, then, seeing the boy is ready to cry, shakes her head at the others.*]

SAM. Guess again, dear little guesser!
You wouldn't catch this boy lopping his wing,
Or whining over anything.
So stir your stumps,
Forget your bumps,
Get out of your dumps [*shakes him*]
And up and at it again;
For the clock is striking ten,
And Ruth will come pretty soon and say,
[*Imitating a woman*] "Go to your beds
You sleepy heads!"
So—quick! What shall we play?
[*Catches* JOSEPH *and holds his hands behind him.*]

REBEKAH [*seeing* JOSEPH *is about to cry*].
I wouldn't play any more,
For Joseph is tired and sore
With his fall upon the floor.

ALL [*jumping up*]. Then he must tell a story.

JOS. [*laughing*]. About old Mother Morey?

ALL [*laughing; some stamp their feet*]. No! Tell us another.

JOS. About my brother? [*Makes a face.*]

REB. [*going up to him*]. Now, Joseph, you shall be good,
And do as you'd be done by;
We didn't mean to be rude
When you fell and began to cry;
We wanted you to forget your pain;
But it frets you, and we'll not laugh again.

JOS. [*pacified*]. Well, if you'll all sit still,
And not be frisking about [*shakes his head at them*]
Nor utter a whisper till [*shakes his finger*]
You've heard my story out,
I'll tell you a tale as weird
As ever you heard in your lives,
Of a man with a long blue beard,
And the way he treated his wives.

ALL [*clapping hands*]. Oh, that will be nice!
We'll be still as mice.

[*All sit down, some on the floor,* JOSEPH *in the center.*]

JOS. Centuries since, there flourished a man,
(A cruel old Tartar as rich as the Khan,)
Whose castle was built on a splendid plan,
With gardens and groves and plantations!
But his shaggy beard was as blue as the sky,
And he lived alone, for his neighbors were shy,
And had heard hard stories, by the by,
About his domestic relations.

Just on the opposite side of the plain
A widow abode, with her daughters twain!
And one of them—neither cross nor vain—
Was a beautiful little treasure;
So he sent them an invitation to tea,
And having a natural wish to see
His wonderful castle and gardens, all three
Said they'd do themselves the pleasure.

As soon as there happened a pleasant day,
They dressed themselves in a sumptuous way,
And rode to the castle as proud and gay
As silks and jewels could make them;
And they were received in the finest style,
And saw everything that was worth their while
In the halls of Blue Beard's grand old pile,
Where he was so kind as to take them.

The ladies were all enchanted quite;
For they found Blue Beard so polite
That they did not suffer at all from fright,
And frequently called thereafter;

Then he offered to marry the younger one,
And as she was willing, the thing was done,
And celebrated by all the *ton*
With feasting and with laughter.

As kind a husband as ever was seen
Was Blue Beard then, for a month I ween;
And she was as proud as any queen,
And as happy as she could be, too;
But her husband called her to him one day,
And said, "My dear, I am going away;
It will not be long that I shall stay;
There is business for me to see to.

"The keys of my castle I leave with you;
But if you value my love, be true,
And forbear to enter the Chamber of Blue!
Farewell, Fatima! Remember!"
Fatima promised him: then she ran
To visit the rooms with her sister Ann;
But when she had finished the tour, she began
To think about the Blue Chamber.

Well, the woman was curiously inclined,
So she left her sister and prudence behind.
(With a little excuse) and started to find
The mystery forbidden.
She paused at the door:—all was still as night!
She opened it; then thro' the dim blue light
There blistered her vision the horrible sight
That was in that chamber hidden.

The room was gloomy and damp and wide,
And the floor was red with the bloody tide
From headless women, laid side by side,
The wives of her dear lord and master!

Frightened and fainting, she dropped the key,
But seized it and lifted it quickly; then she
Hurried as swiftly as she could flee
From the scene of the disaster.

She tried to forget the terrible dead,
But shrieked when she saw that the key was red.
And sickened and shook with an awful dread
When she heard Blue Beard was coming.
He did not appear to notice her pain;
But he took his keys, and seeing the stain,
He stopped in the middle of the refrain
That he had been quietly humming.

"Mighty well, madam!" said he, "mighty well!
What does this little blood-stain tell?
You've broken your promise! prepare to dwell
With the wives I've had before you!
You've broken your promise, and you shall die."
Then Fatima, supposing her death was nigh,
Fell on her knees and began to cry,
"Have mercy, I implore you!"

"No!" shouted Blue Beard, drawing his sword;
"You shall die this very minute," he roared.
"Grant me time to prepare to meet my Lord,"
The terrified woman entreated.
"Only ten minutes," he roared again;
And holding his watch by its great gold chain,
He marked on the dial the fatal ten,
And retired till they were completed.

"Sister, oh, sister, fly up to the tower!
Look for release from this murderer's power!
Our brothers should be here this very hour:—
Speak! Does there come assistance?"

"No: I see nothing but sheep on the hill."
"Look again, sister!" "I'm looking still,
But naught can I see, whether good or ill,
Save a flurry of dust in the distance."

"Time's up!" shouted Blue Beard out from his room.
"This moment shall witness your terrible doom,
And give you a dwelling within the room
Whose secrets you have invaded."
"Comes there no help for my terrible need?"
"There are horsemen twain riding hither with speed."
"Oh! tell them to ride very fast indeed,
Or I must meet death unaided."

"Time's fully up! Now have done with your prayers,"
Shouted Blue Beard, swinging his sword on the stair;
Then he entered, and grasping her beautiful hair,
Swung his glittering weapon around him;
But a loud knock rang at the castle gate,
And Fatima was saved from her horrible fate.
For, shocked with surprise, he paused too late;
And then the two soldiers found him.

They were her brothers, and, quick as they knew
What the fiend was doing, their swords they drew,
And attacked him fiercely, and ran him thro',
So that soon he was mortally wounded.
With a wild remorse was his conscience filled
When he thought of the hapless wives he had killed;
But quickly the last of his blood was spilled,
And his dying groan was sounded.

[JOSEPH *is seated at the beginning of the story, and talks to those around him. When he says, "My dear, I am going away," etc., he rises; and as he proceeds he speaks to the audience, entering into the story dramatically. As he closes* RUTH *enters unperceived, for the others are applauding* JOSEPH.]

SAM. Capital! capital! Wasn't it good!
I should like to have been her brother:
If I had been one, you may guess there would
Have been little work for the other.
I'd have run him right thro' the heart, just so [*illustrates*],
And cut off his head at a single blow,
And killed him so quickly he'd never know
What it was that struck him, wouldn't I, Joe?

JOS. You are very brave with your bragging tongue,
But if you had been there, you'd have sung
A very different tune.
Poor Blue Beard! He would have been afraid
Of a little boy with a penknife blade,
Or a tiny pewter spoon!

SAM. It makes no difference what you say,
(Pretty little boy, afraid to play!)
But it served him rightly any way,
And gave him just his due.
And wasn't it good that his little wife
Should live in his castle the rest of her life,
And have all his money, too?

REB. I'm thinking of the ladies who
Were lying in the Chamber Blue,
With all their small necks cut in two.
I know the sweet Fatima would
Have put their heads on if she could;
And made them live—she was so good!
And washed their faces at the sink.
But Blue Beard was not sane, I think:
I wonder if he did not drink!
For no man in his proper mind
Would be so cruelly inclined
As to kill ladies who were kind.

RUTH [*who has been shaking her head in disapproval, comes forward*].

Story and comment alike are bad:
These little fellows are raving mad
With thinking what they would do,
Supposing their sunny-eyed sister had
Given her heart—and her head—to a lad
Like the man with the Beard of Blue.
So let us have done with our talk:
For they are too tired to say their prayers,
And the time is come they should walk
From the story below to the story upstairs.

[*Takes one of the little ones by the hand. All walk off.*]

V.—RECITATION: *"In Football Times."*

In Football Times

By KATHLEEN CARMAN.

As Thanksgiving Day drew near, student interest centered itself ardently in the final championship game of the season, which was to take place on that date. The 'Varsity was to play its bitterest rival, and hopes, fears, predictions, and—bets, were exchanged freely.

But when the crucial day arrived, the hopes of one, at least, seemed doomed to disappointment. Gordon had hurt his knee and, spite of arguments and prayers and passionate supplications, was forbidden to play. The sub quarter-back was to take his place and the only thing that saved Gordon from suicidal despair was the hope that his understudy would be unable to "stand the pace."

"And in that case, Gordie, old man," said the alert and cheerful trainer, "I expect you'll have to go in, knee or no knee."

By two o'clock the interested sun was beaming down upon a gorgeous and inspiring sight. The great athletic field was swarming with an excited and hilarious crowd. In banners, streamers, fluttering ribbons, the red of the visitors vied with the 'Varsity

blue; while the omnipresent tin horn, the terrible "devil's rattle" and the 'Varsity yell combined in a nerve-reaching, blood-quickening clamor.

A burst of noise, louder and more prolonged than usual from first one and then the other of the rival factions, greeted their respective teams as they came trotting out upon the field.

Gordon, from his ignominious place at the side-line, watched the preliminary prancings of his mates with an admiration in which envy had its share.

Then came the kick-off, and from that moment Kent and Gordon thought only of the play.

When the umpire blew his whistle for the end of the first half, the wearers of the blue took one long breath, and then broke forth into such a pandemonium of joy as only a football crowd can make, for the score stood six to nothing, and it was Kent who had been pushed over for the touch-down.

But by the end of the first fifteen minutes after the second half had begun, the red-clad arms and legs had done such good service that the ball was far into the home territory and after a brief and hopeless rally on the part of the blues, the score was tied.

Though momentarily stunned by this painful surprise, the backers of the blue promptly rallied, and under enthusiastic leadership, sent their various yells racketing through space. In spite of all, however, it was evident that something was wrong, for the ball was slowly but steadily creeping down the field again toward the home team's goal. The thirty-yard line is passed, the twenty-five, the twenty. Ye gods! Shall this thing be?

From the east side of the field, where is the stronghold of the red-bedecked ones, comes a mighty and increasing howl of joy. Already they feel the flush of victory. Too soon, my friends, too soon.

From west and south and north there comes an answering shout whose sturdy, sullen, rhythmic pulse steadies the nerves and steels the muscles of the eleven men for whom it is meant.

"Hold 'em! Hold 'em! Hold 'em!"

And backed by that wall of sound, ten yards from their own

goal-line, the wearers of the blue make their last stand. Vainly the opposing line hurls itself against them. Neither through the center nor round the end can they go.

"Third down," says the umpire, and to the accompaniment of a din that might daunt the Sphinx, the ball goes over.

But the goal behind which its holder would fain see it put is very, very far away, and those red-clad arms and legs are terribly strong and agile.

Young Gordon kneeling at the side-line, trembling from head to foot like a setter come to point, sobbing now and then from sheer excitement, prays without pause for one chance, just one, against that line up.

The ball is given to the heavy half-back. Atkins and the forwards endeavor to make a hole for him. One down, no gain.

The ball is given to Kent for a try round the end, but one of his opponents breaks through and tackles him behind the line.

Two downs, no gain.

And then from the ranks of the faithful goes up one last despairing groan, for one of the blue-clad warriors is stretched out unconscious on the ground. It is the sub-quarter who has given out at last, having done his plucky best. With one twist, Gordon has freed himself from his ulster and, as he runs out to his own place, a cheer of vigorous enthusiasm goes after him. He does not hear it, he hears nothing but his captain's voice at his ear in quick and brief command.

Gordon has a dim sense that it is the happiest moment of his life. He is not at all nervous and he has forgotten his knee. He gives the signals in a loud, clear voice, catches the ball from center, passes it to Kent with the speed of lightning, and hurls himself into the play. The interference is slow in forming and Kent s outrunning it. Gordon sees this in a flash, blocks one man, ees two others that he must choose between; chooses, checks his nan, and has a glimpse of Kent's dark, straining face flying past him as he falls. By the time he is on his feet again, Kent is half way down the field, waving a mocking farewell to his outdistanced pursuers, while the frantic crowd, breaking past the ropes, scarce-

ly gives him time to make his touch-down before they surround him.

By somewhat forceful persuasion they cleared a space for the captain to kick his easy goal, while gray-headed professors waltzed about with all the joyous abandon of freshmen, and the "roosters" strained their hoarse voices to the highest pitch of endurance.

The visitors yielded the few seconds of play that remained, and the victorious team, physically sore and weary, but with their souls lapped in unutterable contentment, was borne triumphantly from the field."

VI.—DUMB-BELL DRILL.

Dumb-Bell Drill

[Have eight pupils, or more if the platform will allow, take this drill. They may be all boys, or all girls, or, one row of boys and one row of girls. If the pupils can dress alike it will add much to the looks of the drill.

A good march is necessary, with the time distinctly marked. Have the class march on, taking these positions:

* * * *

* * * *

with bells held in hands and at the sides of bodies.]

FIRST MOVEMENT: Salute. Raise right arm diagonally out, count one; bring bell to forehead, over the eyes, count two; diagonally out, count three; lower to side, count four.

SECOND MOVEMENT: Raise right arm, directly front, shoulder-high, four times, count one with each movement. Same with left; 4 x 4 counts. Alternate; 4 x 8 counts. Both; 4 x 4 counts. On the fourth count bring bells to chest, curved arms, bells held horizontally ready for next movement.

THIRD MOVEMENT: Swing right arm up and around to shoulder-high; 4 x 4 counts. Same with left; 4 x 4 counts. Alternate; 4 x 8 counts. Both; 4 x 4 counts. On fourth count lower arms to sides, face of hand from body.

FOURTH MOVEMENT: Swing right arm out, from side to full length over head; 4 x 2 counts to each swing. Same to left;

4 x 2 counts to each swing. Alternate; raise one arm while the other is falling. Both; striking bells on each second count.

FIFTH MOVEMENT: Bells from sides to shoulders; count one; count two; charge with right foot diagonally forward; right arm raised in line of left leg; right knee bent and bearing weight; left hand about six inches from left leg; eyes to upper lobe of bell. Hold this position through count seven; on eighth count assume military position. Same to left. Same to side; first right, then left. Same diagonally back to right; then to left.

VII.—READING: *"Ichabod Crane at Heer van Tassel's Dinner Party."*

Ichabod Crane at Heer van Tassel's Dinner Party

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

[From "Sketch Book."]

It was toward evening when Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger-cakes and honey-cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved

plums, and peaches, and pears and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old, gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

VIII.—Piano Solo.

IX.—Pantomime: *"The Witch's Daughter."*

The Witch's Daughter

("Mabel Martin")

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

[Abridged as shown by the stanza numbers.]

1.

It was the pleasant harvest time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load;—

5.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

6.

And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

7.

They took their places; some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

8.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadows of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!—

9.

On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!

13.

But still the sweetest voice was mute
That river-valley ever heard
From lip of maid or throat of bird;

14.

For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.

15.

She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

16.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree;

17.

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That faltered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lip trembling with its prayers!

18.

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

19.

They went up to their homes that day,
As men and Christians justified:
God willed it, and the wretch had died!

25.

The school-boys jeered her as they passed,
And, when she sought the house of prayer
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

26.

And still o'er many a neighboring door
She saw the horseshoe's curved charm,
To guard against her mother's harm.

31.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

32.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

33.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

34.

And only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,

35.

Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

36.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting with an angry frown,
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

37.

"Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,
"This passes harmless mirth or jest;
I brook no insult to my guest.

38.

"She is indeed her mother's child;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

39.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
I never knew her harm a fly,
And witch or not, God knows,—not I.

40.

"I know who swore her life away;
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them."

41.

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe,
Were Harden's; and his word was law.

42.

None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:
"The little witch is evil-eyed!

43.

"Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy pan;
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!"

44.

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
White in the moonlight's silver rain.

49.

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

50.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,
Grew to a low, despairing cry
Of utter misery: "Let me die!

51.

"Oh! take me from the scornful eyes
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger may not reach!

52.

"I dare not breathe my mother's name;
A daughter's right I dare not crave
To weep above her unblest grave!

53.

"Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.

54.

"O God! have mercy on thy child,
Whose faith in Thee grows weak and small,
And take me ere I lose it all!"

55.

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave became
A voice whose burden was her name.

56.

Had then God heard her? Had He sent
His angel down? In flesh and blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood.

60.

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

62.

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed.

63.

"Good friends and neighbors!" Esek said,
"I'm weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife!"

Directions for Pantomiming "The Witch's Daughter"

SCENES: 1. The Barn. 2. Mabel's Home.

The platform must be arranged for this number, which will also be in keeping with the day. Curtains must be hung on both sides of the platform. Behind one, represent Mabel's home, which only needs the space and a window; behind the other curtain the villagers pass. Between these curtains is the barn scene; picture this scene as far as possible.

CHARACTERS:

MABEL MARTIN.	READER.
ESEK HARDEN.	Ten to twelve villagers.

The READER stands at one side.

As she reads, "On Esek Harden's oaken floor," the villagers enter and act enough to carry out the words.

During the reading of stanzas 13, 14 and 15, MABEL stands alone. To give room for this, some of the villagers retire behind the curtain.

During the reading of stanzas 16, 17, etc., all are off the platform; at the 31st stanza they re-enter, MABEL still stands aloof. Stanzas 32, 33, 34 and 36 must be acted as the words show. At stanza 37, ESEK steps forward and seems to be speaking. Some of the villagers appear frightened at his words and (stanza 41) withdraw, leaving room for two girls to act stanzas 42 and 43.

Here the READER pauses; the curtain is drawn over the "barn scene," exposing "Mabel's room," where she sits looking out of the window.

At the reading of the prayer, MABEL acts as if she were praying. Upon the entrance of ESEK HARDEN, the words are acted through to stanza 31. Here the "barn scene" is shown, with the villagers all gathered. ESEK and MABEL enter with the reading of stanza 53. During the reading of stanzas 56, 60, 62 and 63, the villagers gather around MABEL and ESEK, who stand well to the front, forming a closing picture.

X.—CHORUS: *Doxology.*

PART III.

Thanksgiving: Past and Present

PART III.

Thanksgiving: Past and Present

AN EXERCISE FOR TWENTY-FIVE CHILDREN

PART I.—THE PAST

STAGE ARRANGEMENT: Dark background plentifully hung with pine boughs, stalks and ears of corn, firearms—guns, rifles, bows and swords—any Indian relics; antlers, mounted birds or animals will also add to the decorations. At center of stage back have a large dry-goods box covered with dark cloth, the opening facing the wall at back.

MUSIC: Slow, impressive music before the curtain is raised. Stirring patriotic music between scenes.

CHARACTERS: GIRL. BOY. FATHER TIME. 8 PILGRIMS. 4 boys dressed as men, 4 girls dressed as women.

COSTUMES: GIRL—any white gown such as is worn by small children of about six.

BOY—black trousers and jacket, fancy white shirt waist. The boy should be somewhat older than the girl.

FATHER TIME—draped in a robe of black (may be made of shawls); he wears a wig of long white hair; carries a sickle.

PILGRIMS—Boys wear large, dark hats, straight jackets with white collars and cuffs, knee trousers and low shoes. One or two might wear dark capes. Each boy carries an old-fashioned gun. Girls wear gray cambric gowns made short; tight-fitting waist and long full skirt; white muslin Puritan caps, wide white cuffs, white neckerchief. Each carries a Bible.

[*Enter* GIRL *and* BOY. *They pass to front of stage.*]

GIRL. Fall is giving way to winter,
The November skies are gray,
But our hearts are full of sunshine,
'Cause we love Thanksgiving Day.

BOY. From on high our loving Father
Watches o'er us through the days,
And for comforts, peace, and plenty,
We return Thanksgiving praise.

GIRL. Have we always had Thanksgivings,
Ever since the world was new?
Who first thought we ought to have them?
Tell me all about it—do.
BOY. Well, I really don't remember,
But I'm sure it was some one
Who was very good and thoughtful.
Perhaps it was George Washington.
GIRL. Well, I wish some one would tell me
The story of Thanksgiving Day;—
But oh, there comes a funny man,

[*Looks off at side of stage, then takes hold of* BOY'S *arm with one hand and points toward the old man with the other.*]

Just see—who is it, anyway?
BOY. Why, that is Mr. Father Time,
Come—we'll have to run away,
'Cause he's dreadful bad to children—
Makes 'em old and bent and gray.

[*They take hold of hands and run off at one side of stage.*]

Enter FATHER TIME.

FATHER TIME [*laughing*]. Well, well, I suppose those little folks were afraid of me—it does beat all how people like to keep out of the way of old Father Time. I wish that little girl hadn't run off; she said she wanted to hear all about Thanksgiving Day and I was going to tell her the story. I'm sure I know it if any one does, for wasn't I right there and heard all the particulars when it first happened? But perhaps there are some other little folks here who would like to hear the story, so I think I'll tell it anyway.

Let me see. [*Puts hand to head and thinks.*] It will be some trouble, but I just believe I'll do it. [*Slaps hand against knee and laughs.*] That's just the thing. I'll turn my "time machine" backward to the day when the Pilgrims held the first Thanksgiving,

and let them tell about it themselves. Now you just watch and we'll have them here soon. [*Goes to the box at back of stage and pretends to turn a crank while some one behind the scenes makes a great noise to imitate the creaking of the machine, such as rubbing a piece of iron on an old washboard.*]

Enter, to march music, 8 PILGRIMS, *four boys and four girls. The boys march in from one corner (back) of stage and girls from the other, pass diagonally to center of stage, in couples down center to front, where the first boy turns to the right, the first girl to the left, the second boy to the left, the second girl to the right and so on. The lines pass half-way up right and left sides of stage, turn a square corner and pass to stage center, forming a line across stage center, the leaders of the line halting about a foot from each side of stage center; the same distance is kept between every two throughout the line. When they have reached places the music ceases and* FATHER TIME, *who has stood by his machine during the marching, speaks.*

FATHER TIME. My friends of long ago, ye who endured the hardships of life in bleak New England when the country was new and dangers many, pray tell us of the first Thanksgiving you have just celebrated.

[*Each girl as she begins to speak drops a curtsy, each boy lifts his hat and bows low.*]

FIRST PILGRIM. You ask for the story of Thanksgiving Day, yet first of our sad trials in England would I speak. The false customs of ye established church of that land we could not practise and the rules imposed upon us by despotic King James we could not abide. Sad were our hearts as we longed for freedom to worship as seemed to us right and holy. Then did William Bradford, ye brave young man, gather a company who should no longer support the Church of England but in a strange land should find new homes and freedom of religion. After many hardships, such as being betrayed to the king when about to sail, having our money and much belongings taken from us, friends and even families being separated, at last did we escape from England, turning our faces to a distant land.

Second Pilgrim. To ye land of Holland we journeyed and for eleven years there made our homes among the quiet Dutch. Peace and freedom were ours, yet were our hearts unsatisfied. Firm and rigid were our principles, simple and unassuming our habits, and ye free-hearted, careless customs of the people about us we could not approve. As the years passed poverty still pressed her unfriendly hand upon us, while our sons and daughters grew like unto the Hollanders whose ways we fancied not. At last our restless spirits cried for another pilgrimage and we bade adieu to Holland.

Third Pilgrim. In two vessels, ye Speedwell and ye Mayflower, we embarked for far distant America; but scarce had our journey begun when ye Speedwell sprung a leak. Of no avail were all efforts to repair it and those who could not find accommodation in ye Mayflower were obliged to remain behind. Over the blue Atlantic sailed our good ship, often tossed by angry billows, once indeed in danger of being wrecked; but the brave passengers, resolutely facing all perils, sang amid the storms and at length beheld the shores of a new land.

Fourth Pilgrim. Into Cape Cod Bay sailed ye gallant Mayflower safely bearing its band of sturdy Pilgrims to the shores of bleak New England. Desolate were the cold, rock-bound coasts, and threatening the tones of the dashing billows; sadly mournful were the whisperings of the solemn wind-tossed pines as they murmured at our intrusion. The deep shadows of rock and woodland darkened not our resolute hearts. To the swelling accompaniment of sea and forest rose our songs of freedom, our hymns of praise. Thus we consecrated our years of toil to the unfolding of the possibilities of this new land.

Fifth Pilgrim. A strange people, the dusky red men of the forest, we found on these shores and learned to call them friends. Very queer were their buckskin garments, the fringe of grasses and wampum belts, their tents of bark and reed and branches, their bowls of clay and willow baskets. Such as proved warlike our brave Miles Standish with warrior heart that knew no fear, subdued and brought to terms of peace. Massasoit, Samoset, and

Squanto with great kindness taught and helped us in many ways. From them we obtained the shining ears of Indian corn and learned to use it for food. When in spring the oak leaves were the size of a mouse's ear they showed us how to plant it and gave us ears for seed.

SIXTH PILGRIM. On Christmas day, when cold were the frosts and the north wind, we began our new homes at Plymouth. The ring of swift axes was our Christmas carol while our hearts throbbed to the melody of peace and good-will. Steadily fell the pines beneath our swinging axes, and slowly rose our homes, our homes of privation and freedom. Each man who brought with him a family was to have his own humble castle, while those who were not thus blessed were to make their abode with the others.

SEVENTH PILGRIM. Then followed trials and hardships, famine, sickness and death. At times those who were well scarce numbered enough to care for the ones who were ailing. One hundred and two were with us when we reached the shores of New England, but ere the sunshine of spring gladdened our hearts with its brightness fully one-half of our number slept in their graves by the seashore. Slowly grim want came among us till we gazed at the pale face of famine, yet the unconquered heart of the Pilgrim endured, toiled on and was hopeful. Ere the winter had passed seven stout homes had been builded, which afforded grateful shelter to our numbers so greatly diminished. Then when the spring came we planted our maize, our pease and our barley, toiling with cheerful hearts as we hoped for a bountiful harvest.

EIGHTH PILGRIM. Upon our landing at Plymouth we had chosen John Carver as governor, but when he died in the springtime we gave William Bradford the office. As in the autumn days we gathered the fruits of our labor, the bushels of golden corn, the pease and a small share of barley, our hearts were filled with praise to the gracious God of the harvest. Then our governor made proclamation, the wise and devout William Bradford, that for our blessings received and the bountiful fruits of our labor we should hold a time of Thanksgiving and praise to our Heavenly Father. Forthwith into the forest were sent four unerring marks-

men who returned with a load of wild turkey and water-fowl in abundance. Our Indian friends who came to rejoice and keep the feast with us brought with them four large deer which gave us venison in plenty. Thus on the New England shore by ye sturdy and brave-hearted Pilgrims was held the Thanksgiving feast, the time of praise and rejoicing.

[*All the* PILGRIMS *sing the following words.*]

Tune: "Old Hundred."

Praise God who guides the Pilgrims' way,
Praise Him this glad Thanksgiving day,
Praise Him with hearts of glad delight,
The God of freedom and of right.

TABLEAU: *"Pilgrims Going to Church."*

[*All face side of stage and form a group, one boy steps toward front of stage, acting as guard, all slightly bow heads and mark time as if marching slowly. Boys shoulder guns, girls clasp hands over Bibles. Some one behind the scene beats time on a drum, and colored lights are thrown on stage.*]

[CURTAIN.]

PART II.—THE PRESENT

STAGE ARRANGEMENT: Extending across the stage about four feet from the front suspend a curtain of pink mosquito netting which can be held in place by tacking its lower edge to the floor. In front of this curtain and near one side of stage have an easy chair and a footrest.

CHARACTERS: YOUNG MAN, afterward transformed to OLD MAN. FATHER TIME. MISS THANKSGIVING. 6 LITTLE GIRLS. 6 BROWNIES.

COSTUMES: YOUNG MAN wears stiff hat, standing collar, showy tie, heavy watch chain and rings; carries a dainty cane. After he is transformed he wears white wig and whiskers, a bright flowered dressing gown; carries a heavy cane.

FATHER TIME—same as in Part I. (See page 59.)

MISS THANKSGIVING—long white gown with scarlet trimmings and sash, a gilt crown; carries tiny gilt-covered wand.

LITTLE GIRLS—white gowns.

BROWNIES—queer little bright colored suits ideas for which may be obtained from pictures of Brownies.*

Enter YOUNG MAN.

YOUNG MAN [*drawlingly*]. Well, deah me, from all the fuss that's being made I suppose Thanksgiving Day has come again. For my part I don't believe in it and I haven't any time for all this talk about being thankful. I don't see as there's much to be thankful for, at least my blessings aren't numerous enough to get excited about. Why there are a whole lot of people who haven't much of anything and they're spending this day being thankful. I don't like living very well any way; now I'll tell you one I would be thankful for—to be an old man. Why I just wish this minute that I was seventy years old so I wouldn't have to bother to live so long. That's all I'd feel like being thankful for.

[*Stands at one side of stage with back slightly to the opposite side.*]

Enter FATHER TIME.

FATHER TIME [*aside*]. Here's a foolish young fellow who doesn't know what he's talking about. Wants to be an old man! Well, I'll have to teach him a lesson. [*Walks over to* YOUNG MAN.] Hello, sir! [YOUNG MAN *turns quickly.*] You want to be old, and I can give you just what you want in that line. [*Makes a few passes with his hands in front of* YOUNG MAN'S *face.*] Now just follow me.

[*He leads him off stage, and while* YOUNG MAN *is changing his apparel* FATHER TIME *pretends to be turning his "time machine," standing just at edge of stage, and some one behind scenes imitates the grinding noise, as in Part I.*]

Enter OLD MAN. FATHER TIME *leaves stage.*

OLD MAN. Well, well! here in the twinkling of an eye I'm an old man—why, I must be seventy-five! This is delightful. Just think of all the years of work and worry I've skipped—it's

*Brownie pattern sent postpaid for 50 cents by Edgar S. Werner & Co.

wonderful. I'm sure I ought to be thankful now, and I am too. I feel rather tired though—think I'll have to take a short nap. [*Seats himself in the easy chair, puts feet on the foot-rest, closes eyes and pretends to sleep.*]

Enter Miss Thanksgiving.

Miss Thanksgiving. Ah, my friend, sleep on, but in thy dreams shalt thou see strange visions. For shame that your heart responds not to the sweet influence of Thanksgiving cheer and praises. I indeed am the spirit of Thanksgiving and I must needs try my gentle power on thee. Perhaps in thy dreams I can teach thee that there is no heart which can not count its blessings, no life but that should be gladly lived. [*She waves her wand before him, then blows a soft blast on a tiny trumpet, and takes her position at opposite side of stage.*]

[*Enter* 6 Little Girls *who march and form line directly back of pink curtain.*]

First Girl. On this day of happy thanksgiving, when our hearts are singing glad praises to the bountiful Father above for His care and manifest goodness, let us now to memory recall and make known with heartfelt rejoicing some token of watch-care and love, some blessing for which we are thankful.

For this wonderful, beautiful world, with its shadows and showers and sunshine; its marvelous forests and lakes, its rivers and mountains and valleys; for the beauty in flower and tree, and the language that's written therein, would we offer our glad songs of praise and thanks to our Heavenly Father.

Second Girl. For the home where each heart may find peace and rest from the world's busy care; for the shelter and comfort therein, whether cottage or palace of king; for the castle, though humble and poor that each heart may claim as its own; for our homes, the dwellings of love, we also our thanks would return.

Third Girl. Let us not forget the dear friends, who lighten the cares of each day, who comfort in time of distress and rejoice

with us when we are gay. There's no burden, though heavy and sad, but some friend will help us to bear it; there's no sorrow, though ever so great, but kind friends will patiently share it. For the friends, who like rare flowers sweet, make life's pathway more happy and bright; for the blessing of their kindly love would we thank our Father to-night.

FOURTH GIRL. We live not in days but in deeds, and our lives are measured at last by what we have done for the world and our work as the swift years passed. Every door at which we may knock the key of hard work will unlock; 'tis man's greatest helper and friend, it brings success and contentment. Then let us be glad and give thanks for the work we each find to do and consecrate daily our lives to deeds that are noble and true.

FIFTH GIRL. For the multitude of small comforts that day by day we enjoy; for the blessings of such slight account that we scarcely recall them to mind; for these little tokens of love and care from our Father on high, we would return gracious thanks and pass them not thoughtlessly by. You know many littles at last make a factor of wonderful power, and our lives are greatly made up of these blessings of trifling account, which though we oft notice them not are the ones we should sometimes prize most.

SIXTH GIRL. And for the best blessing of all, the blessing of life and of health, let us return grateful thanks and rejoice in the days that are ours. To live in this beautiful world, to live, to enjoy and to do, ah, that is a blessing we ne'er can fathom until life is through! To live, and to better the world, to help in its busy warfare, is indeed a blessing that God intended we each should enjoy. Then let us be glad for the life that is ours this Thanksgiving Day, and improve our years as they pass, nor heedlessly fritter them away.

[*The girls now take hold of hands, bow low, move slowly backward (six abreast) until they reach the back of stage where they stand in line.*]

[*Enter* 6 BROWNIES *who skip and dance about the stage, then take places just back of curtain.*]

First Brownie. We are merry little Brownies who have come to assist at this glad Thanksgiving. We are busy little fellows and are always ready to help our friends. If you call on us for aid you will never feel that you have nothing for which to give thanks.

My name is Industry, and if you want to make a success of life just call on me. The person who makes Industry his friend and helper will always be ready to keep Thanksgiving with a cheerful heart.

Second Brownie. My name is Perseverance and I'm just the one to help you along in the world. "Never give up" is my motto and I have found that the way to win is to keep always at work. Perseverance is sure to gain success, and all who look to me for aid will find when Thanksgiving Day comes round that they have abundant cause for giving thanks.

Third Brownie. My name is Patience. You have all heard of me because I was the dear friend of Job, and you surely remember how much I helped him. You need not expect to succeed in life unless Patience sustains you when things go wrong. Perseverance and I go hand in hand, and between us we are a sure cure for failure. At any rate, give us a trial and let us see what we can do for you.

Fourth Brownie. Mr. Nimble Finger is my name, and I am the one to help you make things fly. The man who pokes along in life needn't be surprised if things seem rather dull when Thanksgiving comes along. You must get a hustle on if you want to get to the front, and Mr. Nimble Finger is just the one to help you. You'll always find me at your service.

Fifth Brownie. I am called Mr. Little Fellow because it's my belief that if you want to get along in this world you must not neglect the little things. Some people are always looking for something big to do, and many fail to make a success of life because they neglect the little duties and opportunities. If you don't believe what I say, just call on me for help and see if I can not prove that I am right.

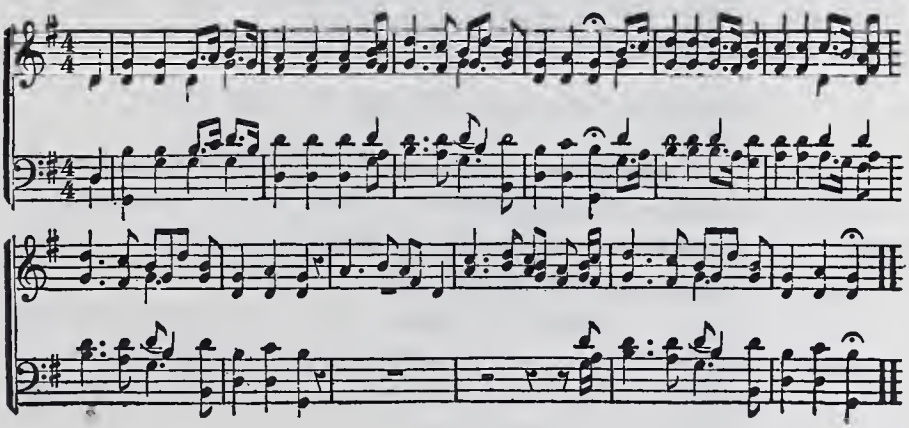
Sixth Brownie. My name is Cheerfulness, and if you want

to feel at Thanksgiving time that you have more blessings and comforts than you can count, just make me your friend. It is really wonderful how I can help you over the hard places in life. Why, half the battle is won when you learn to look on the cheerful side of affairs.

Now with six such little fellows as we to help you along there surely is no reason why life isn't worth the living and enjoying.

[BROWNIES *take hold of hands and march slowly backward (six abreast) until they are just in front of the line of* LITTLE GIRLS. *They all face right and march in couples across back of stage down right side and form single line just back of curtain. They then sing the following words.*]

Thanksgiving Hymn



For happy homes and loved ones dear,
For comforts of another year;
Our Father for these blessings free,
We now return our thanks to Thee,
Loving watch-care, tender mercy,
Thy blessings to us, oh, how free!

For sunshine and refreshing rain,
For harvests of the hill and plain;
For life and strength and happy days,
We now return our heartfelt praise.
Loving praises, glad rejoicing,
We now return our heartfelt praise.

[LITTLE GIRLS *and* BROWNIES *face left and march off stage at back.* MISS THANKSGIVING *crosses stage and waves her wand over* OLD MAN, *who awakes with a start.* MISS THANKSGIVING *leaves the stage before he sees her.*]

OLD MAN. Where am I? Have I been asleep, and did I dream or was my vision a reality? Am I alone, and where are the voices who taught me the beautiful lessons of Thanksgiving? How came I to be old? I thought I was young. Ah, I remember! Fool that I was, I wished for old age and was granted my desire! Oh, to think I imagined I had nothing to be thankful for, when the world is so full of blessings! If my dream be true, and I feel that it is, life is a wonderful thing. Oh, if I could undo my mistake! How can I endure this?

Enter MISS THANKSGIVING *and* FATHER TIME.

MISS T. Father Time, I am sure our friend has seen the folly of his ungratefulness and learned the sweet lesson of Thanksgiving. I pray you restore to him the youth he has lost, that he may yet live to bless the world with his earnest labors.

OLD MAN. Oh, indeed, I implore thee to grant her gracious request. Surely I have seen the error of my ways and repented. But give me back my youth and the happiest day of the year shall be to me the glad Thanksgiving time.

FATHER TIME. Well, I guess I shall have to favor you, but I'll keep my eyes on you in the future to be sure you are true to your promise. Come on.

[FATHER TIME *leaves the stage with the* OLD MAN, *while* MISS THANKSGIVING *goes off at the opposite side.*]

[CURTAIN.]

PART IV.

Thanksgiving Entertainment Program

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

Program

PART IV.

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PART IV.

Thanksgiving Entertainment Program

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

By Stanley Schell.

I.—Acrostic: *"Thanksgiving Day."* . . By Twelve Children

[*Each child carries a banner or large card having on it one of the letters of the word "Thanksgiving." The banner or card should be decorated with cranberries, corn, dried fruit, etc. Children enter one at a time. First child enters, steps on platform, speaks its line, and then shows its letter, keeping it before audience. Next child follows first child at completion of first child's line, steps on platform and speaks its line, then shows its letter, etc., and so on until all are on line and the audience sees "THANKSGIVING" spelled out.*]

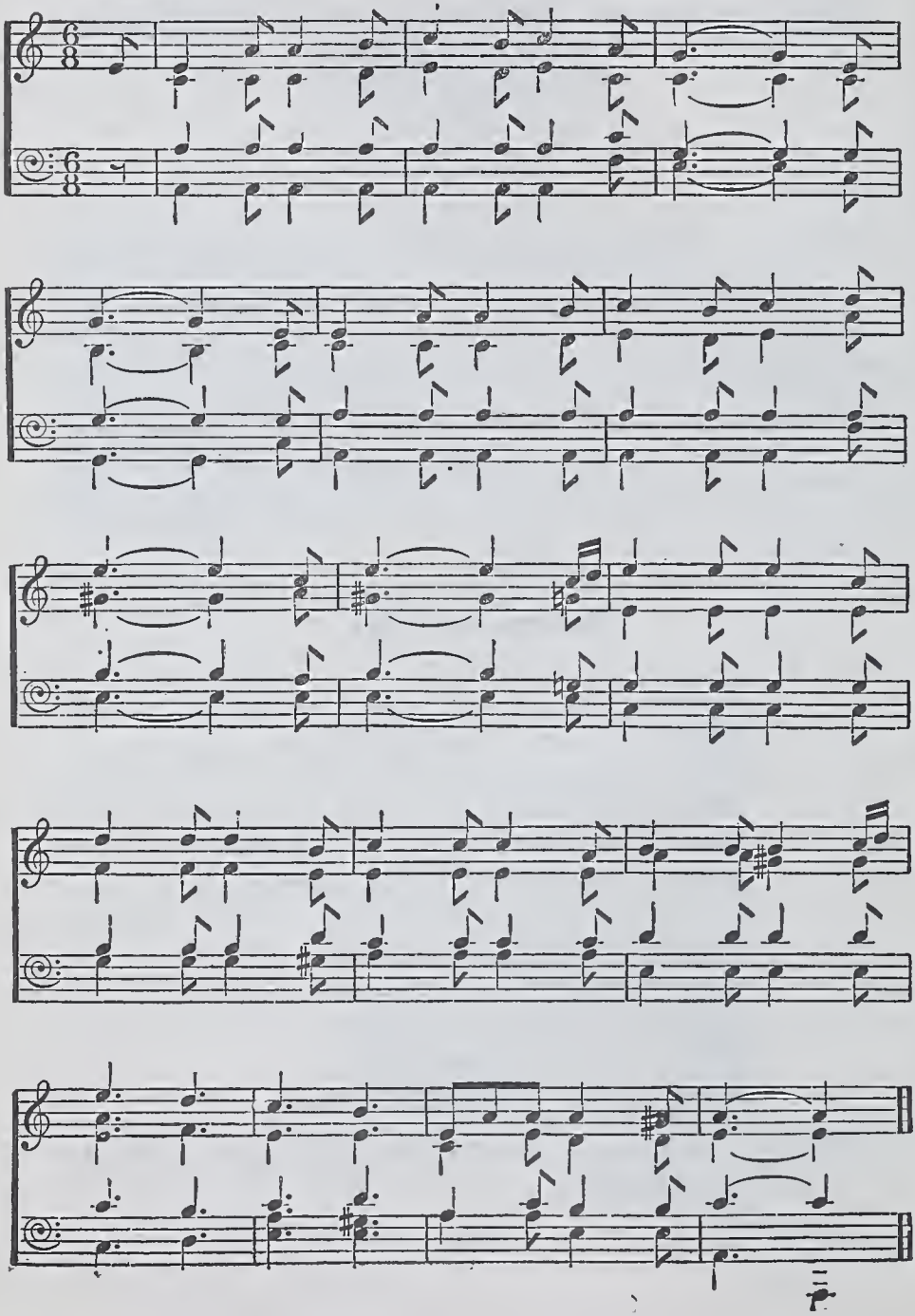
Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day has come once more
Hurrah! for all the autumn store;
Apples, fruits and nuts and grain
Now plentiful and ripe again.
Kind Nature spreads the mighty feast,
Sending her gifts now west, now east;
Gives to us all our harvest time,
In many a land, in many a clime.
Very thankfully here we stand,
In turn we view on every hand,
Not only useful things but gay,
Given for this Thanksgiving Day.

II.—Song: *"Thanksgiving Day is Here Once More."* By the Acrostic Children.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Moderate.



[*When words of second stanza are reached, the children begin to march out, the last ones making their exit on last words.*]

Thanksgiving Day Is Here Once More

[*Tune*: *"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."*]

Thanksgiving Day is here once more,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Of fruits and grains we have a store,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We come from the north, we come so gay;
We come from the south, on this bright day,
For we all will greet Thanksgiving Day again.

We bring you pumpkins big and fair,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And turkeys good and chickens rare,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And pies and cakes, all crisp and sweet,
And apples red, so good to eat,
For we all will greet Thanksgiving Day again.

III.—RECITATION: *"Story of the Pilgrims."* Told by Nine Children (each carrying a concealed letter).

[*Nine children enter; first two children recite first stanza. Each of the following stanzas is recited by one child, until the last stanza, which is recited by two children. As soon as the last stanza is finished, the children stand a moment, then the leader holds in view the letter "M" and speaks about it, and each child in turn holds in view a letter and recites a line. At finish, the word* "MAYFLOWER" *is before audience.*]

Story of the Pilgrims

Almost three hundred years ago
When all the land was covered with snow,
The Pilgrims came across the sea
To find a home where they might be free.

The boat in which they sailed away
Was the Mayflower. Many a day
Will its name be sung, and the glory told
Of the three months' sail in the Mayflower bold.

On Plymouth Rock, they came ashore,
Where no white man had been before;
Only the Indians lived there then,
They'd never seen the "pale-faced" men.

The Pilgrims, through cold winter days,
Tried in ever so many ways
To keep themselves and their children fed,
But many died, I've heard it said.

They built their homes of logs of wood,
And in the spring as soon as they could,
They planted corn and oats and wheat
And other good things they liked to eat.

They were so glad when harvest came
And every one had plenty again,
They decided to have a merry feast
For every one from great to least.

And so they had Thanksgiving Day,
And met to feast and sing and pray,
They thanked the Father who sent the rain
And let the sunshine ripen the grain.

The Mayflower—Acrostic

Many, many years ago,
Amidst the wind and sleet and snow,
Ye glorious Pilgrims left the shore,

From England parted evermore.
Left all their friends and kin behind
On this new land a home to find.
Winter was coming bleak and bare,
Every one was full of care;
Reaching the shore they knelt to pray,
This was the first Thanksgiving Day.

IV.—Song: *"Once More We Hail Thee."* By School.

[*Tune*: *"S'wanee River."*]

[*All sing with school, then exit during last chorus.*]

Once More We Hail Thee

Once more we hail the glad Thanksgiving
With songs of cheer;
Once more we render thanks to Heaven
For blessings of the year.

Chorus—
Countless as the sands of ocean
Or the stars above
Are all the blessings to us given
By Heaven's boundless love.

Each promise spoken by the springtime
In bud and flower
Returns to us in golden harvest—
Now is fulfilment's hour.
Chorus—

V.—Exercise: *"Story of a Seed."* By Five Children.

Story of a Seed

FIRST CHILD [*enters holding a seed in view*].

THE SEED.

Just a little seed,
Very small indeed;
Put it in the ground,
In a little mound,
And wait and see
What it will be.

SECOND CHILD [*enters carrying a pumpkin vine, which may be made of tissue paper*].

THE VINE.

The seed became a lovely vine,
That o'er the brown earth used to twine,
And at our feet so very low
Went on and on, to grow and grow.

THIRD CHILD [*enters with a blossom*].

THE FLOWER.

The summer rain, the summer shine,
That wet and warmed the pretty vine,
Had somehow quite a wondrous power,
Which wrought this lovely yellow flower.

FOURTH CHILD [*enters bringing a pumpkin*].

THE FRUIT.

The little flower grew and grew,
In sun and shower and moistening dew;
And when the leaves began to fall,
There lay this gorgeous yellow ball—
The prize for harvest best of all.

FIFTH CHILD [*enters holding a pie*].

THE PIE.

Hurrah for the tiny seed!
Hurrah for the flower and vine!
Hurrah for the golden pumpkin,
Yellow, and plump, and fine!
But better than all beginnings,
Sure nobody can deny,
Is the end of the whole procession—
This glorious pumpkin-pie.

VI.—EXERCISE: *"Autumn of* 1622." By Six Children, Boys and Girls.

[*Children enter bearing vines, fruits, berries, pumpkins, ears of corn, etc. Children (except pumpkins) group in pyramid form. First pupil turns to audience and recites, goes back to pyramid and busies himself. Second pupil turns and recites, returns to his work. Each in turn does the same.*]

Autumn of 1622

FIRST CHILD.

Such an autumn as 'twas in 1622!
And such a harvest!

SECOND CHILD.

"God be praised!" said Governor Bradford. "Let us appoint a day for solemn services of thanks to God who has poured out upon us such rich blessings."

THIRD CHILD.

The golden pumpkins were harvested, the corn was husked, the wild plums and grapes were gathered and preparation was made in every cabin for a generous Thanksgiving dinner.

FOURTH CHILD.

The pumpkin slicing was the best fun of all. First, the pumpkin must be halved, then it must be cut into rings, and woe to the

child so clumsy as to break these rings. Then the rings must be laid upon the table, and the tough rinds be sliced off.

FIFTH CHILD.

We must not forget the guests these people invited. Inviting company for Thanksgiving, you see, was from the first a New England custom. The guests at this first Thanksgiving were the great Indian chief Massasoit and one hundred of his braves.

SIXTH CHILD.

What do you suppose the Indians thought of the roasted turkey and the pumpkin pie? They were strange guests, but the colonists were kind to them. The Indians were true to the pledge of friendship, and there was the best of feeling between them. There is no doubt that the day was a joyous one to the red men and the colonists.

VII.—SONG: *"What Makes Thanksgiving Day?"* By the School and the Six Children.

What Makes Thanksgiving Day?

[*Tune*: *"Auld Lang Syne."*]

'Tis not the feast so richly spread,
'Tis not the word we say,
'Tis not the greeting and the song
That make Thanksgiving Day.

But here's to one little thought for us,
To take and put away;
Two helpful hands and one glad heart
Will make Thanksgiving Day.

VIII.—MOTION SONG: *"For the Jolly Jack-o'-Lanterns."* By Six Children (still on stage).

For the Jolly Jack-o'-Lanterns

[*Tune: "Comin' Thro' the Rye."*]

[*While singing first stanza children place pumpkins at base of pyramid and make gestures of sowing seeds.*]

Half a dozen lads and lasses
Were coming thro' the corn,
Sow'd some pumpkin seeds, 'tis whispered,
On an April morn.

Every lassie, every laddie,
Thought, with laughing eyes,
Of the jolly jack-o'-lanterns
And of pumpkin-pies.

CHILDREN [*look smilingly at audience*].

Half a dozen lads and lasses,
Amidst the rustling corn,
Watched some pumpkin vines, 'tis whispered,
On a summer morn.

[*Through these words children bend down and look at vines very intently.*]

Every raindrop, every sunbeam,
Do your very best;
Make our pumpkins grow and ripen,
We will do the rest.

Half a dozen lads and lasses
Were coming thro' the corn,
Found ripe pumpkins 'midst the blossoms
On an autumn morn.

Proudly homeward now they bear them,
Each a splendid size,
For the jolly jack-o'-lanterns
And the pumpkin-pies.

[*Through this verse children make motions of gathering pumpkins, and, at the end, they each pick up one and march into half-circle. Each sits on his pumpkin.*]

IX.—Concert Recitation: *"Making Jack-o'-Lanterns."* By Three Boys.

[*Three boys enter, each carrying a pumpkin (that has been scooped out) and a jack-knife. During the recitation each boy makes a jack-o'-lantern. The other children on the stage gather around, watching the work.*]

Making Jack-o'-Lanterns

Just take a golden pumpkin
Of quite the largest size,
Cut all 'round the stem, just so,
Scrape out the inside below,
And cut two holes for eyes.
And now fix a nose beneath,
And such a great big mouth with teeth,
And you've a jack-o'-lantern!

Then fix a tallow candle,
Just big enough to light,
And when it flickers, see him blink,
And when it flares up, see him wink
And smile so broad and bright.
This is the jolliest sort of a fellow,
With cheery face so round and yellow,
This funny jack-o'-lantern.

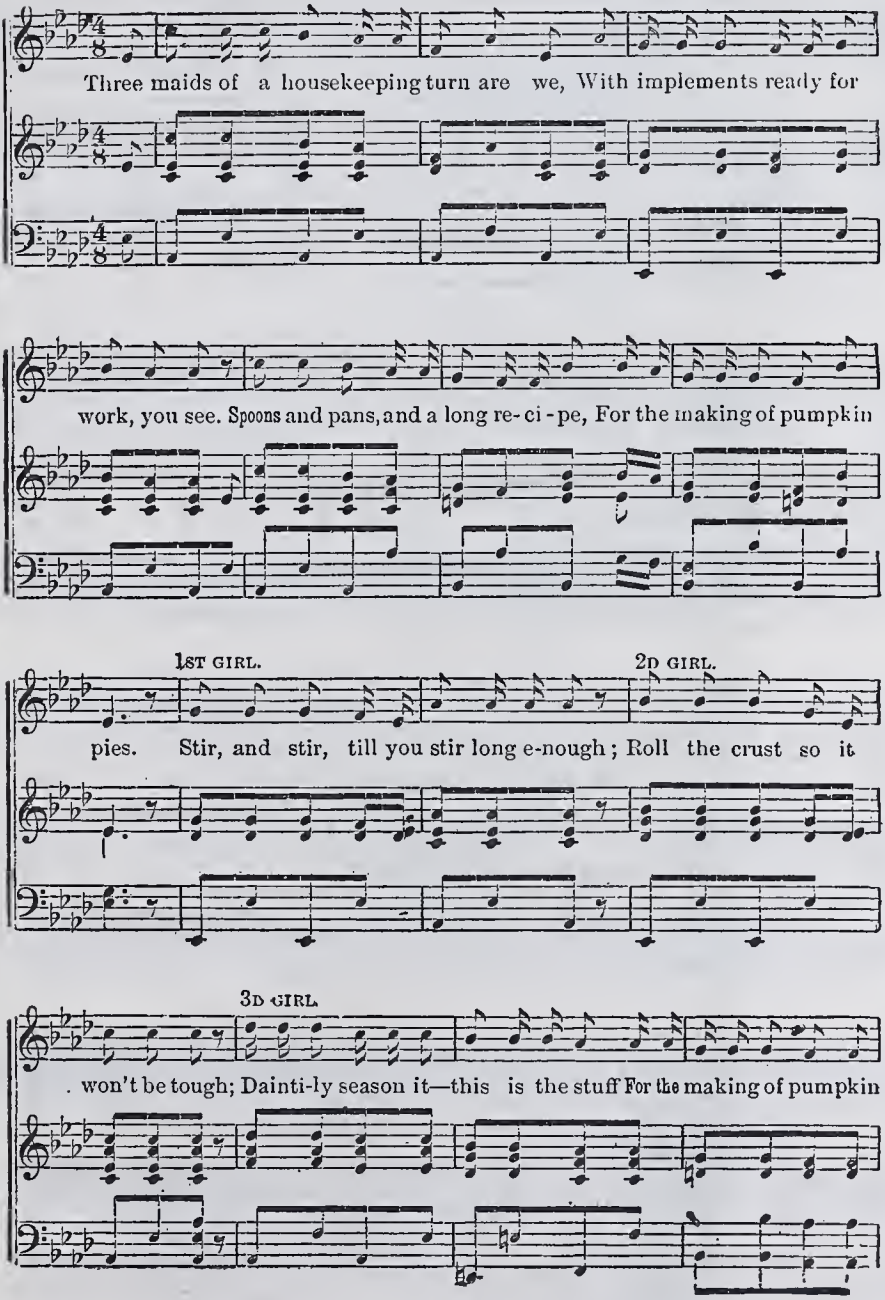
[*Boys hold in view the completed jack-o'-lanterns. School sings to tune of "Old Oaken Bucket."*]

Then here's to the lantern, the plump pumpkin lantern,
The old jack-o'-lantern we all love so well!

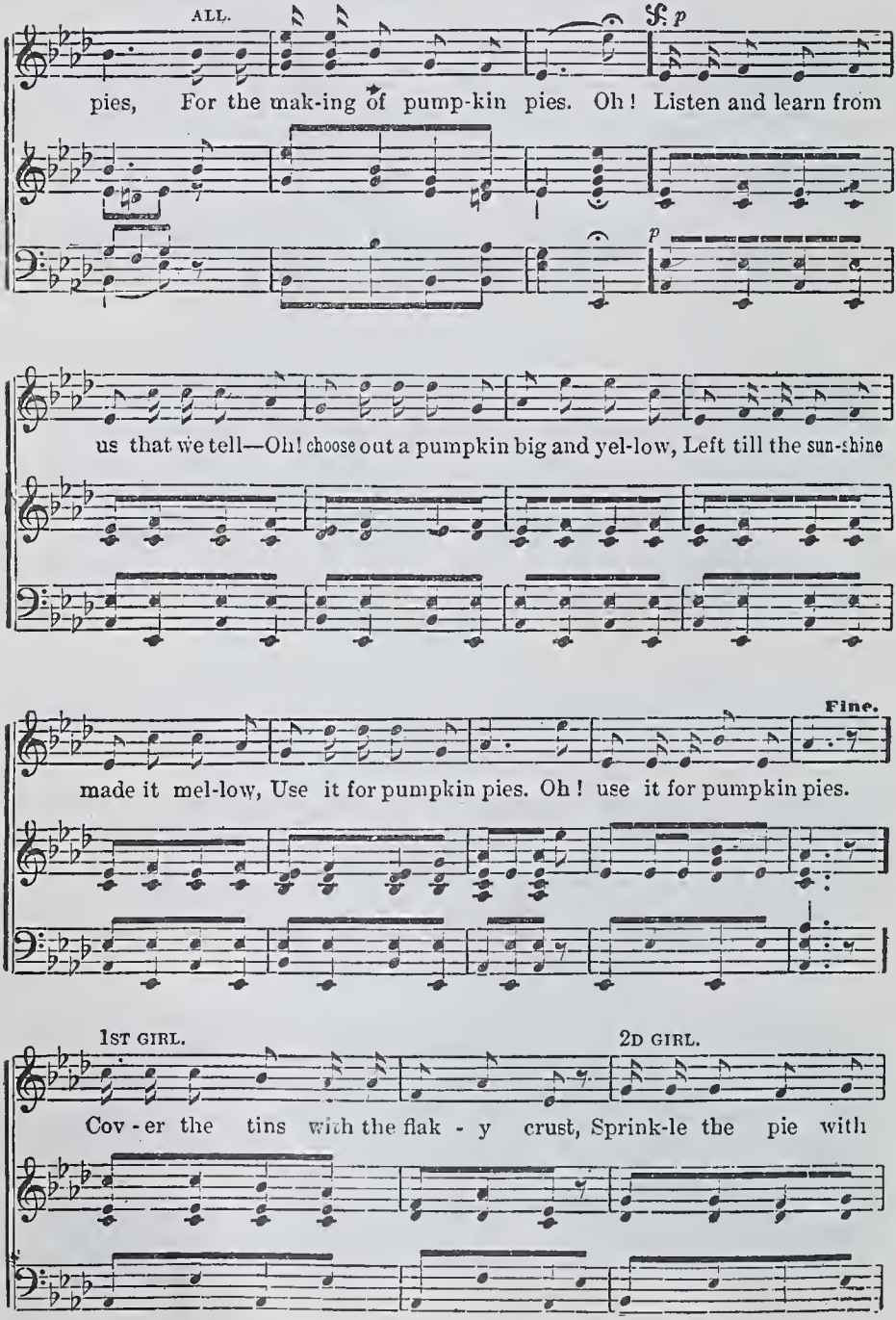
X.—Song: *"Three Maids of a Housekeeping Turn."* By Three Girls.

[*Three girls enter carrying breadpans, spoons and recipe-book. They sit on front of stage, put pans on their laps, and sing the following song, the other girls eagerly watching them.*]

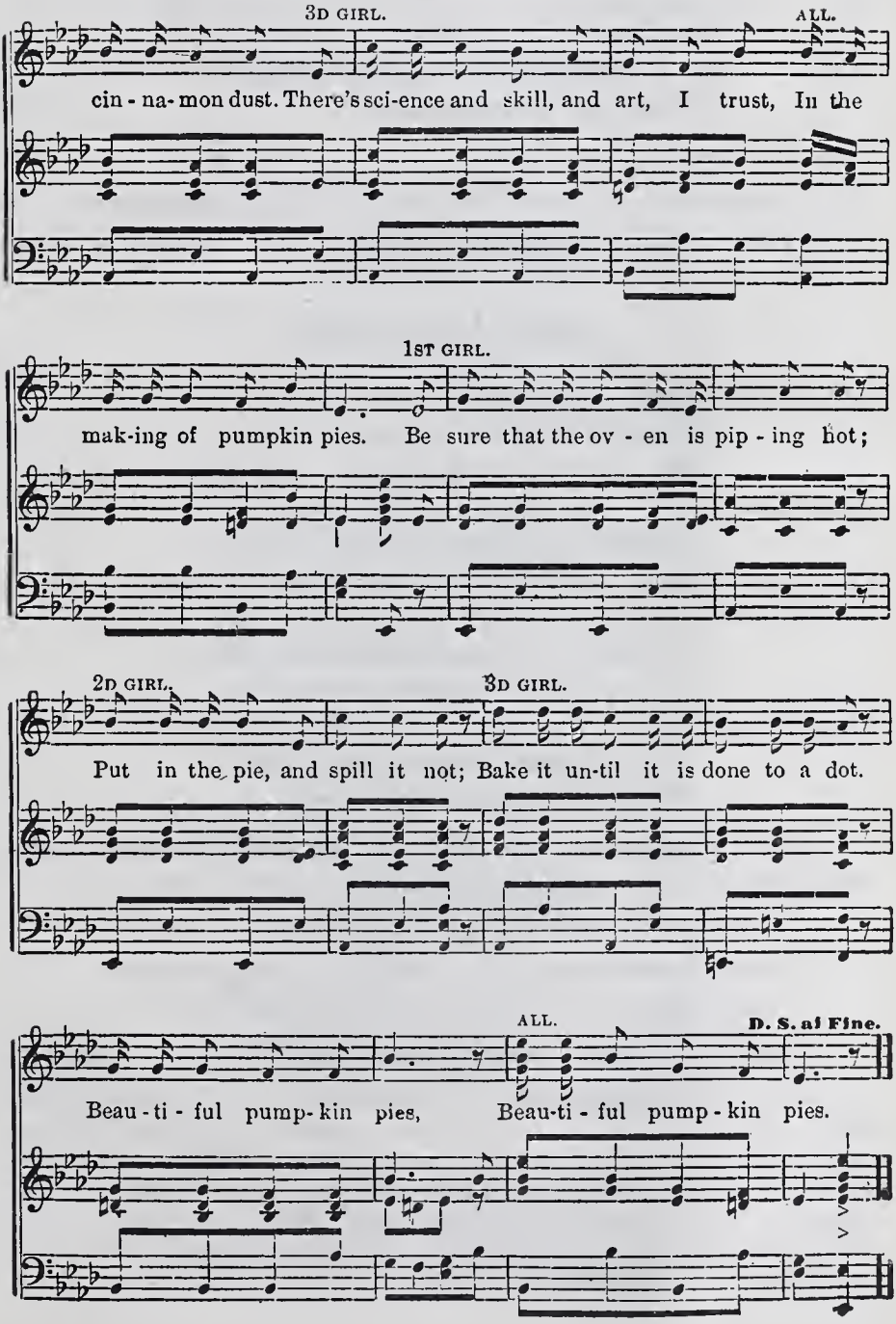
Three Maids of a Housekeeping Turn



Three Maids of a Housekeeping Turn—Continued



Three Maids of a Housekeeping Turn—Concluded



ALL: Listen and learn from us what we tell,—oh,
Choose out a pumpkin big and yellow,
Left till the sunshine made it mellow,
Use it for pumpkin-pies.

[*All trip out.*]

XI.—RECITATION: *"Three Little Cooks."* By Three Girls.

[*Three girls enter dressed as cooks, each carrying a huge pumpkin-pie.*]

Three Little Cooks

ALL THREE GIRLS.
Three little cooks are we,
We bring our pies for you to see.

FIRST GIRL.
I rolled the crust all smooth and thin,
And crimped the edges around the tin.

SECOND GIRL.
I mixed the pumpkin sweet and nice,
And sprinkled in the fragrant spice.

THIRD GIRL.
I baked it till it was golden brown,
The finest pumpkin-pie in town.

[*All on platform cluster about the three little cooks, in attitudes pleading for a piece of pie. The little cooks hold pies high.*]

[*All sing: Tune: "Old Oaken Bucket."*]

The big pie of pumpkin, of golden brown pumpkin,
Please give me a piece of the big pumpkin-pie.

[*All kneel around cooks who hold pies aloft.*]

[*While all are kneeling ten small children enter, each with a card. As each child enters it recites a stanza, takes a position so as to form a line just behind the kneeling girls and the cooks, and holds the letter well in view. When all ten children have entered and their letters spell* "PUMPKIN-PIE," *children all shout, "Ah! the lovely pumpkin-pie!" The cooks slyly slip away; the kneeling children quickly follow and the Acrostic Children follow last.*]

XII.—Acrostic: *"Pumpkin-Pie."*

Pumpkin-Pie—Acrostic

P is for Polly,
So happy and gay,
Who planted some seed
One sunny spring day.

U is for Uncle,
Who worked with the hoe.
He cared for the plants,
And helped them to grow.

M is for Marjorie,
Who saw the big leaves,
And bright yellow bud
Which hid underneath.

P is for Philip,
Who quickly did run
To tell of the flower,
As bright as the sun.

K is for Kitty,
Who first told us all,
She saw a green pumpkin,
So round and so small.

I is for Ira;
A wee little fellow,
Who saw the green turning,
And said, "'Tis all yellow."

N is for Nora,
Who said it was time
To bring in the pumpkin,
Ere frost killed the vine.

P is for Papa,
Who late in the fall,
Paraded the treasure
Through kitchen and hall.

I is for Ida,
Our good-natured cook,
Who'd rather do baking
Than read from a book.

E is for Every
Dear girl and boy,
Who greets her good pies
With gladness and joy.

XIII.—QUOTATIONS: *"The Feast Time of the Year."* By Five Children.

The Feast Time of the Year

By DORA READ GOODALE.

FIRST CHILD.

This is the feast time of the year
When hearts grow warm and home more dear;
When autumn's crimson torch expires,
To flash again in winter's fires.
This is the feast time of the year,
When Plenty pours her wine of cheer;
Let rich and poor together break
The bread of love for Christ's sweet sake.

SECOND CHILD.

Harvest is come. The bins are full,
The barns are running o'er;
Both grains and fruits we've garnered in
Till we've no space for more.

We've worked and toiled through heat and cold
To plant, to sow, to reap;
And now for all this bounteous store
Let us Thanksgiving keep.

THIRD CHILD.

Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hand with a gift!
To the ancient Giver of old
The spirit in gratitude lift!
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice, and the corn, and the wheat,
The cotton, and sugar, and fruit,
The flowers and the fine honeycomb,
The country, so fair and so free,
The blessing and glory of home.

FOURTH CHILD.

Not for broad lands and gold, I wis,
Fat crops and ripening weather,
Our fathers in the wilderness
Knelt and praised God together:
When the grim forest's icy bound
With hardships hemmed the wanderers 'round,
When dangers lurked behind,—
Nay, in death's very teeth, they found
Faith and a thankful mind.

FIFTH CHILD.

Great God! we thank Thee for this home,
This bounteous birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty!

Still may her flowers untrammeled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise:
And yet, till Time shall fold her wing
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise.

[*All children join hands and recite.*]

Now is the time to forget all your cares,
Cast every trouble away;
Think of your blessings, remember your joys,
Don't be afraid to be gay!
None are too old and none are too young
To frolic on Thanksgiving Day.

[*As these five children exit in dignified fashion, a very small boy enters, looks at the others and recites as he walks along.*]

XIV.—Recitation: *"Thanksgivin'."* By Very Small Boy.

Thanksgivin'

By Bud Smith.

White Meat, Dark Meat,
Punkin Pie,
Turkey Stuffin'
Piled sky-high;
Giblets Gravy,
Three kinds o' cake—
Jelly, Chalklut,
'N' Stom'c-ake,
No School Friday,
Got a Gun,—
Ain't Thanksgivin'
Lots of Fun?

[*As this boy exits, next small boy is coming in. On reaching stage front center, he addresses his lines to audience; looks questioningly at them and exits, slowly shaking his head.*]

XV.—RECITATION: *"Why?"* By Very Small Boy.

Why ?

I've noticed on Thanksgiving Day,
With strangers or my own folks,
That little boys can always eat
A great deal more than grown folks,
Of turkey or of pumpkin-pie—
Will someone please to tell me why?

XVI.—EXERCISE: *"What Each Is Thankful For."* By Seven Children.

What Each Is Thankful For

1. INDIAN GIRL.

I'm a little Indian girl
And on Thanksgiving Day,
I'm thankful for the plains and woods
Where I can run and play.

2. PURITAN MAID.

I'm a little Puritan maid,
And on Thanksgiving Day—
I'm thankful for the brave, true men
Who conquered every foe.

3. MODERN MAID.

I've read of many little girls,
Who lived in many a clime,
But I am thankful that I live
Just at this present time.

[*Little girls all make abrupt bows and run off together.*]

4. Six-year-old Boy.

I'm thankful that I'm six years old,
And that I've left off dresses;
And that I've had my curls cut off,—
Some people call 'em tresses.
Such things were never meant for boys;—
Horrid dangling, tangling curls—
They go quite well with dress and sash:
They are just the thing for girls.

I'm thankful I've got pockets four,
Tho' they're almost too small
To hold the things I want to keep;—
Some strings, knife, top, and ball.
I'm thankful that we're going to have,
All my folks and I,
Just a jolly dinner to-day,
With turkey and mince pie.

O, one thing more, my mamma says,
And what she says is true;
'Tis God who gives us everything,
And keeps and loves us too.
And so I thank Him very much
For all that I enjoy;
And hope that next Thanksgiving Day
Will find a better boy.

5. Small Girl.

(Poem: "Thankful For What?"
By Frances Meacham.)

What am I thankful for?
Why, don't you know?
Thankful to live,
And thankful to grow;
Thankful for feeling,
And hearing, and sight;

Thankful for playing
From morning till night;
Thankful for bread
And butter, and milk;
Thankful for clothes
Tho' not made of silk;
Thankful for father,
And thankful for mother,
But most of all
For the dear little brother.

6. SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY.

(Poem: "Tommy's Thanksgiving."
By Elizabeth H. Thomas.)

I'm thankful for a lot of things:
I'm thankful I'm alive,
I'm thankful that I'm six years old,
Instead of only five.
I'm thankful for my tops and toys
And for my Kitty Gray;
I'm thankful for the big outdoors
Where I can run and play.
I'm thankful for the things that grow,
The apples—aren't they good?
The corn where we played hide-and-seek,
As in a little wood.

I'm thankful for the pumpkins round,
Just like a golden ball,
And jack-o'-lanterns, big and queer,
They don't scare me at all.
I'm thankful for Thanksgiving Day,
For pies all in a row;
I'm thankful grandma made them sweet,
She knows I like them so.

I'm thankful for the turkey, too,
How brown it is and nice!
And I'd be very thankful, please,
For only one more slice.

7. SMALL GIRL.

(Poem: "Kitty's Thanksgiving."
By Mabel Packard.)

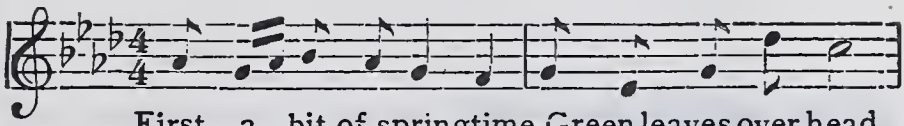
Little Kitty, are you thankful
For the things you have to eat,
For the turkey bones and gravy,
For the milk and custard sweet,
For the bed out in the sunshine
I have made so soft for you—
Kitty, do you s'pose you're thankful?
You must purr and say you do.

Long ago my people, Kitty,
Came and made Thanksgiving day,
And you couldn't have this dinner
If we hadn't come to stay.
Savages in paint and feathers
Might have now belonged to you.
Kitty, do you s'pose you're thankful?
You must purr and say you do.

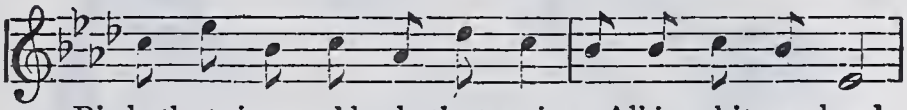
I have worked for you, my Kitty,
Kept the naughty boys away,
Warmed your milk and fed you catnip,
Thought about you night and day.
Lots of little cats are homeless
That are just as good as you—
Kitty, do you s'pose you're thankful?
How you purr! I know you do.

XVII.—Song: *"Thanksgiving Song."* By Entire School.

Thanksgiving Song

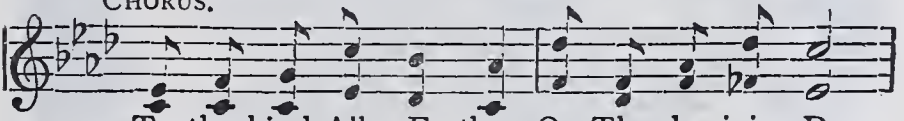


First, a bit of springtime, Green leaves over head,
Then a bit of summer, With its sun and showers
Next a bit of autumn, Crimson skies a-bove—
Last, a bit of win-ter, Time of gay good cheer,

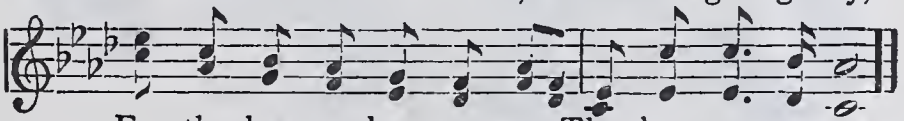


Birds that sing and buds that spring, All in white and red.
Days a-glow that bud and blow Sweet as fragrant flowers.
Reddened leaves and ripened sheaves—Little songs of love.
Seasons small—it takes them all, To make one glad year.

Chorus.



To the kind All – Fa-ther, On Thanksgiving Day,



For the hap-py, hap-py year, Thank you, now, we say.

SAID THE CUNNING FOX TO THE WILY TURK:- IF YOU WILL MARRY ME, WE'LL ALWAYS LIVE AS ONE. MY DEAR, FOR I'D EAT YOU UP, YOU SEE.

I'M HAPPY ON THANKS-GIVING. I'VE EATEN TILL I'M SORE. BUT I WISH I WAS AN ELEPHANT. THEN I COULD HOLD LOTS MORE.

PART V.

Thanksgiving Selections

PART V.

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PART V.

Thanksgiving Selections

The First Thanksgiving

Monologue for a Woman

By PAULINE A. BRISTOW.

[Adapted from Jane Austin's "Standish of Standish."]

SCENE: The great cooking room at Plymouth.

CHARACTERS: PRISCILLA MULLENS in Puritan garb; John Alden and others supposed to be present.

Nay, then, John, thy look is so serious that I must e'en try to lighten it by a rare bit of news;—Governor Bradford hath resolved upon a day, or rather a week, of holiday and of thanksgiving for the mercies God hath showed us. Think of it, John! A whole week of feasting and holiday! Nay, stop not to answer; I can not listen; for they look to me for the marchpanes and manchets and plum-porridge and all manner of tasty cates, not to speak of possets.

And the Indians have been invited to take part in our feast; dost see them yonder by the fire at the head of Middle Street? Massasoit and Quadequina and a dozen others, all looking as dignified as if they were akin to the good Monarch over the seas. See how Massasoit is talking to that big chieftain who was never here before; I fancy I hear his low gutturals! I'll be bound he is explaining that by this feast the white men propitiate the Great Spirit and engage him both to prosper them and kill their enemies.

Ah! here come Mary Chilton and Desire Minter and Elizabeth Tilley. To work, girls! Spread the long table in the open air for the men, and make ready the wooden bowls of butter and treacle and clam chowder. Know you how to soak the sea-biscuit in broth? Brave girls! Fetch the pieces of cold boiled beef and

have plenty of mustard. Here are the turnips, and I know who loves them, eh, John? There is but one thing thou lov'st better? I'll thank thee, John Alden, not to stand staring at me as if thou hadst never seen me before, but carry these white and purple grapes and luscious plums to Dame Brewster. Watch thy steps, for I want the dear mother to have them all.

Deary me, girls, do hear those Indians whoop! If they eat as much as they yell, we shall have little to spare. What's that, Mary? A bushel of popcorn which Quadequina brought? I have ever averred that kindness dwelt in his dusky bosom. Ah, how good it is! Don't give it all to Elizabeth Chilton, John Howland; she might break her teeth on it.

What, John Alden, back already! Didst give the grapes and plums to Dame Brewster and not drop them by the way? But sure, lad, thou didst not tarry for her thanks. Such haste will be thy ruin some day. Thou feared'st that I might need thee? Well, well, thou think'st thou art of some importance in this world. Did I ever say that I needed thee?

Bestir yourselves, girls; blithely, blithely, dear ones, and later we will don our dainty toggery. What say you to some ells of spanwide lace to trim our Sunday kirtles? Think you that Mistress Winslow would tear it away with her own fingers? Think'st not, John? Why, prithee? Because Master Winslow himself weareth cambric ruffs on occasion? And his dame hath a paduasoy kirtle and mantle? Marry, come up! How wise the lad hath grown! Hast been pondering women's clothes instead of the books Captain Standish gives thee to study?

Deary me! if I had but some Spanish chestnuts to stuff these turkeys, they might seem more like their brethren across the seas. Yes, John, I agree that their flavor is better, and their size finer. Now, if this one were but a goose, I would name it John, 'twould be so prodigious a goose! Come, come, stand not there idle; there is much to do, and scant time to talk of it. I must have wood and water galore to make meat for a hundred men. So stir thyself! Why not stuff the turkeys with beechnuts? You have store of

them at your cottage? How came they there? Doth our doughty Captain Standish go bird's-nesting and nutting in his by-times? Well, John Alden, if thou gathered'st those nuts for me, why have I not seen them? Thou feared'st I'd flout thee? Oh, sure, never was a poor maid so bestead with blind men! Hast not discovered ere this how I dote upon beechnuts? There! get thee gone for them.

My sweet Elizabeth, how glad I am to see those great clam and scallop shells! John Howland presented them to thee? My blessing on him. They're just the things for my oyster-compote. We'll set them in the ashes to roast, and in a twinkling we'll have a toothsome dainty! 'Twill be a novelty and will set off the board famously. And yon dishes of salad with autumn leaves twined around them will make a picture long to be had in mind. And we must have plentiful flagons of ale; the poor men are aweary with work and needs must have potations; my thanks to the Indians for teaching us to flavor with sassafras; it improves the drink vastly.

Ah! here thou art, John, with the nuts, and a beautiful supply thou hast. Whenever I use beechnuts with my turkeys after this, I'll call it goose-dressing in honor of thee, John! Lad, lad, that serious face pleases me not; I like sunshine in face as well as in sky. Thou hast something to say to me? A bad time to say anything of consequence, but say on while I work. What thou hast to say is for my ear alone! And expect'st to be humored? I have noted that if thou canst drive a bashful youth out of his bashfulness, there are no bounds to his forwardness. But be it as thou wilt. Maids, maids! will you run to the Common-house, and set the table there for the women and children? There they go, but I fear me the table will be all awry. Now, Master John Alden, have thy say and be done.

What! thou art sent to me with a proffer of marriage! Thou art sent, John Alden! Who sent thee? Captain Miles Standish? Indeed! And was it too much honor to a poor maid for him to do his own errand? John Alden, art thou and thy master joined in league to flout and insult me, an orphaned maid? He spoke to my father before he died of a marriage in time to come between

him and me? And he feared his silence might seem to me to be a want of eagerness on his part? Ay, I see! He feared that I was angered that he had not wooed me across his wife's and my father's graves, and so thrust thee forward to bear the first outburst of my fury! 'Twas kindly thought on, if not over-valiant, and 'tis an honorable, a noble office for thee, John, who hast at odd times thrown me a soft word thyself. Oh, yes, that's all very well! Thou say'st I know that thou lov'st me as blind men love sight and dying men water, and so on. *Then why don't you speak for yourself, John?* But honor is a great thing with thee, and I know thou wilt not speak till thou hast delivered the message thou wast commissioned to bring. Yes, I know Captain Miles Standish comes of noble lineage; that among his ancestors are men of brave deeds and proud achievements; and that among them hath never risen a braver or a nobler or a more honorable man than he who now woos me. Did he bid thee say all that, or is it thy loyalty to a friend that forces thee to speak him so fair? I know his name is unstained, and he offers it to me. He offers me some coat-armor, a long lineage, and courage, both ancestral and personal, and—what else? I forget, but surely there was no love among these commodities. Didst drop it by the way, or did the Captain forget to send it? Hast done? Hast said all thy say? Then listen to me; clear thy memory and make room for my answer. Oh, thou know'st how to dress an unwelcome message in comely phrase better than any other man of mine acquaintance, so try thy skill on simple *No,* for 'tis all I have to say.

And now, having done thy duty, why stand'st thou there looking at me with eyes sad as sorrow? I am aweary of thee, John Alden, and fain would be alone, so I wish thee Godspeed and a keener wit.

Still here? Will—I—be—thy—wife!!! Nay, then, John, why didst not ask that at first, rather than at last? Thou art too fond of quip and quirk and wordy warfare, John Alden; too much given to fence and intrigue. Again the same words? Nay, I never could bear a cuckoo-song all on two notes, and if thou art

bound to say that phrase over and over till 'tis answered—. What! again and yet again? How can I see my work if thou stand'st so near? Well, then,—yes, John, I will be thy wife, and now I hope thou art content! Oh, don't, don't, John, for shame! What would Mistress Winslow say?

My Thanksgiving

By Arthur Goodenough.

I am glad that I believe there is a God,
And glad that I believe in a hereafter;
That I accept His reasonable Word
And base my hope upon it.
And glad that I believe that God is good,
That out of love He shared with man His being;
Breathed His own soul into the clay that He
Had fashioned in His image.
I am glad that I believe in Him through all,
And though I sin and suffer ill thereafter,
When all is said, and all has been summed up
My faith remains unshaken.
I am glad my creed is something more divine
Than one of merely human composition;
And writ in stars, in continents and clouds,
And in the heart of nature!
I am glad that I refuse, rebuke, repulse
The words of atheists and evil doers
And shun the babblings of evil men,
Which savor of destruction!
And though I feel the need of many things,
That serve to make the wheels of life run smoother,
Still shines the Light of Life upon my path,
And lamps my feet forever!

Thanksgiving

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that is reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honey-comb,
For the rose and the song and the harvest brought home—
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,
For the cunning and strength of the workingman's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have taught
For the friendship that hope and affection have brought—
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest,
For the season of plenty and well-deserved rest,
For our country extending from sea to sea,
The land that is known as the "Land of the Free!"
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

The Thanksgiving Magician

By Rose Terry Cooke.

I dreamed a dream, such a wonderful dream
Come listen, my little lad!
A dream so living about Thanksgiving
It made me sad and glad.

I thought that I saw a table spread
In a low and narrow room,
Its boards were bare, and the men that were there
Wore looks of care and gloom.

There were women, too, so pale and thin
That my heart ached in my breast,
And children so quiet! No merry riot,
No laughter, song, or jest.

There were trenchers on the table set,
And pitchers of water fair.
But for all the feast for greatest and least
What do you think was there?

By every plate five grains of corn,
Five kernels and no more;
Five kernels of corn was that dinner forlorn,
For I counted them o'er and o'er.

The reverend men they said a prayer,
And long they thanked the Lord,
For this that was left for them bereft
Of all but His Holy Word.

Then while I looked with wonder sore
I saw the oddest sprite
Glide softly round, without a sound;
But none of them saw the sight.

A scythe across his shoulder hung,
And he touched each crispy grain.
One turned to a pie all crusted high,
But how I can never explain.

Another swelled to a turkey brown,
And some to joints of meat.
There was boiled, and roast, and quails on toast,
And all good things to eat.

The dames who wore their kirtles of gray
In velvet swept the ground,
And girls and boys with merry noise
Made all the house resound.

And "Oh!" I said, in a whisper small,
"Good elf with the scythe and glass,
Thou doest well, but thy name pray tell,
And how this cometh to pass!"

He smiled and sighed and smiled again,
And his voice like a Christmas chime
Said: "I am a seer, I work wonders here;
Mortal! my name is Time."

Then listen and learn, my little lad:
Though troubles and years increase,
Life is worth living; so keep Thanksgiving,
For time brings plenty and peace.

A Thanksgiving In the Gold Diggings

By Ellis Proctor.

It was Thanksgiving night at Rainy Lake. The wind shrieked outside of the Lake House, but little was it heeded by the hilarious crowd within.

"Here's to you, Kimball! Give us another story!" they shouted, as they emptied their glasses at a draught.

"Well, boys, if you will have it, here goes. It was in '49 that my brother and I left our home in a little town in Massachusetts, and set out for the gold-fields in California.

"Just before the gold fever took possession of my brother, he became engaged to a neighbor's daughter who looked with little favor upon his 'fool's errand,' as she called it. However, she

finally gave her consent to his going, agreeing to wait one year for him to return and marry her; but before we had been gone six months we learned that my brother's promised wife had married another man.

"Well, up to the time my brother received the unwelcome news from home, we worked our claim almost day and night, and had salted down several thousand dollars' worth of dust; but that letter meant ruin to my brother, and a great deal of trouble and anxiety for me. Ben——"

"What's the matter there, you old scarecrow? Boys, I believe this old duffer's as loony as a sun-struck owl," said Dejerio, the proprietor, as he lifted an old, decrepit man to his seat on a beer-keg from which he had just fallen. "He's been winkin' an' blinkin' at Kimball for the last ten minutes, an' startin' an' jumpin' like a man in his sleep. Go ahead there, Kimball, an' you, old chap, get-er-brace on yerself an' keep quiet."

"As I was going to say," resumed Kimball, "Ben lost his interest in the mine, and would knock off work for a week or two at a time and tramp about from one place to another till he got broke, and then come back and work right smart for a few days, and then off again. Ben had never been a drinking man, and I never knew him to touch a pack of cards in the old days at home; but after his trouble began the hardest kind of tanglefoot that they had at the diggings—and three fingers of some of it was pretty sure death—wasn't any too strong for him, and many a time did I drag him away from the card-table at two or three o'clock in the morning."

"Hi, there! you lunatic," broke in Dejerio. "What's you talkin' 'bout now?"

"Oh, he ain't sayin' nothin' but, 'that's so,'" said Bill, a gambler who stood near the beer-keg.

"And the strangest part of it was," Kimball went on, "that, although he didn't know anything about cards, if there was a big pot of dust on the table, he always won. He didn't care any more about the gold than as though it was so much tin, but he just loved

the excitement of winning it. All that he lived for was excitement—anything to make him forget his troubles.

"One Sunday afternoon there were about forty of us crowded around the tables in Dead-shot Dick's parlor. The parlor opened out of the bar, and more hard liquor went over that threshold in an hour than Rainy Lake has seen yet. Everybody was flush, and nearly everybody had taken more liquor than was good for him. Before night, I think without any question that nine-tenths of the money in that room had shifted into the hands of two sharpers, the only ones in the crowd who had kept sober and knew what they were about. Up to this time my brother had taken no part in the games, but as the sharpers' last victim left his chair, my brother took his seat, and placing a bag containing a thousand dollars in gold on the table, said: 'Cover that, boys, and the best man wins.'

"With a sly glance at each other the two sharpers accepted the challenge, and passed the cards to my brother for him to deal. As he was shuffling the cards, he noticed something about them that aroused his suspicion, and handing them to me, he said: 'Here, Will, put these in your pocket and get a new pack at the bar.'

"This move surprised the sharpers and they could not quite hide their confusion, but the new cards were procured, and the game began. It was plain to see that the sharpers were more or less rattled, and my brother quite easily won the three thousand dollars. Handing a thousand to me, he let the rest remain on the table and said to the sharpers: 'Here goes again, boys,—my pile against yours.' But they didn't like risking all they had on one game, and wanted to make it an even thousand apiece. 'Whole hog or none,' said my brother as he made a motion as if to take away his winnings, and the sharpers, seeing that he meant what he said, gave in.

"Talk about excitement! Why, the bar didn't do any business for the next twenty minutes. Every man of them was watching that game as though somebody's life, instead of a few thou-

sand dollars, was at stake. Suddenly two or three of us who were looking on saw one of the sharpers make an effort to substitute another card for one of those that he held in his hand. My brother saw the movement, too, and accused the man of an attempt to cheat. The sharper pulled his gun, but Ben was too quick for him, and when the smoke cleared away we found one sharper stretched out on the floor, and the other had 'lit out.' Of course, nobody blamed Ben for the shooting, but he was terribly cut up over it, and the next day he left the diggings and I have never seen him since."

"Did the sharper pass in his checks, or was he only winged?" asked someone.

"Only winged," replied Kimball, "and in less than a month he was well enough to be fired out of town."

The old man on the beer-keg had arisen, with hands uplifted, with face as white as death, and trembling in every limb, he stood with his staring eyes fixed upon Kimball. "Thank God! thank God!" he exclaimed, and falling to his knees, raised his clasped hands before him, in silent prayer.

The crowd of rough, careless men fell away from the kneeling man, in awe. Even Dejerio's ready tongue was hushed. Kimball, with a troubled look, approached the kneeling figure. Suddenly the old man's face assumed a happy, peaceful expression. There was a slight tremor of his wornout frame, and Kimball stooped to gaze into the transfigured face of his brother Ben!

Tommybob's Thanksgiving Vision

By Anna M. Pratt.

It was Thanksgiving evening, and Tommybob slept,
While over his pillow Thanksgiving dreams crept;
They whispered, the while he grew rigid with fear:
"Look out, for the ghosts of the slaughtered are near!"

Alack! though he strained and he struggled to rise,
He was held down by pickles of marvelous size,
That stood like policemen each side of his bed,
With revolvers of cinnamon aimed at his head.

Then in walked a turkey, bespattered with mud,
And with gobbles which curdled poor Tommybob's blood,—
The lack of a liver and a load of fine dressing
Made it beat with its drum-sticks until 'twas distressing.
It perched on the footboard and whispered: "I'll stay
And hiccough, young man, till next Thanksgiving day."

While an inward commotion young Tommy was feeling,
Some celery sprang from his chest to the ceiling,
And under the shade of its fast-growing trees
A pepper-box waltzed with a piece of green cheese;
Fried oysters rode bicycles made of mince pies,
And each took a "header" right into his eyes;
A plum pudding camped on a terrible ache,
And doubled its fists at a large jelly cake;
While raisins unnumbered fell over in fits—
Which frightened poor Tommybob out of his wits.

As the nuts fell like hail, someone sounded a gong,
And at once all the company joined in a song:
"Woe, woe to thee, Tommybob! Many a night
We'll dance on thy bed till thou tremblest with fright,
Till thou learnst that thy stomach should not be abused,
For know that thy gluttony'll not be excused."

Then at Tommy they sprang. He uttered a groan,
And, lo! they all vanished, and he was alone.

. . . . . .

Tommybob has decided a greedy young sinner
Has to pay a big price for a Thanksgiving dinner,
And that eating to live will make much finer living
Than living to eat, as he did on Thanksgiving.

Five Kernels of Corn

By Hezekiah Butterworth.

'Twas the year of the famine in Plymouth of old,
The ice and the snow from the thatched roofs had rolled.
Through the warm purple skies steered the geese o'er the seas
And the woodpeckers tapped in the clocks of the trees;
And the boughs on the slopes to the south winds lay bare,
And dreaming of summer the buds swelled in air.
The pale Pilgrims welcomed each reddening morn;
There were left but for rations five kernels of corn.
Five kernels of corn! Five kernels of corn!
But to Bradford a feast were five kernels of corn!

"Five kernels of corn! Five kernels of corn!
Ye people, be glad for five kernels of corn!"
So Bradford cried out on bleak Burial Hill,
And the thin women stood in their doors white and still.
"Lo, the harbor of Plymouth rolls bright in the spring,
The maples grow red, and the wood-robins sing,
The west wind is blowing, and fading the snow,
And the pleasant pines sing, and the arbutuses blow.
Five kernels of corn! Five kernels of corn!
To each one be given five kernels of corn!"
O Bradford of Austerfield, haste on thy way.
The west winds are blowing o'er Provincetown Bay,
The white avens bloom, but the pine domes are chill,
And new graves have furrowed Precisioners' Hill!

"Give thanks, all ye people, the warm skies have come,
The hilltops are sunny, and green grows the holm,
And the trumpets of winds, and the white March is gone,
And ye still have left you five kernels of corn.
Five kernels of corn! Five kernels of corn!
Ye have for Thanksgiving five kernels of corn!

"The raven's gift eat and be humble and pray,
A new light is breaking, and Truth leads your way,
One taper a thousand shall kindle. Rejoice
That to you has been given the wilderness voice!"
O Bradford of Austerfield, daring the wave,
And safe through the sounding blasts leading the brave,
Of deeds such as thine was the free nation born,
And the festal world sings the "five kernels of corn."
Five kernels of corn! Five kernels of corn!
The nation gives thanks for five kernels of corn!
To the Thanksgiving feast bring five kernels of corn!

Thanksgiving On Herring Hill

By Julia M. Tenney.

[Cutting from original story, used by permission of the *Chautauquan*.]

"Good-bye, Aunt Susan. Take good care of yourself and the house, and we will be home again on Saturday," and Mrs. Van Arsdale drew her head in at the carriage window. The family was off to take Thanksgiving dinner at the old homestead ten miles away.

Aunt Susan stood watching the departing vehicle till a corner of the street hid it from view; then she began giving her orders.

"Here you, Jane! Don' you be'er-standin' dar gappin' down de street all day. Don' you know dis's Thanksgibin' day, and dar'll be fifty ob de ladies and gemmen ob our 'quaintance here to-night for to 'joy de supper we-uns got to 'vide? You go an' kill fo' ob dem good sized hens. Now min' you don' make no mistake an' git massa's young chickens, ca'se I's left in charge ob dis here place, an I ain't gwine 'low de tings what de fambly prize ter be 'sturbed—not if I knows it. Here, Patrick Henry, you an' George Washington come kerry ebery blessed bit ob de furniture

cep'n' jes' de table an' cheers outen dis dinin'-room an' set it in de parlor, an' I'll lock de do' so dey'll be all safe an' soun'. Polly, you come he'p me beat up er couple ob cakes an' some doughnuts. Dis time las' week prospec's look mighty black for dis here supper, but now de good Lord's done 'ranged eberyt'ing jes' right; de whole fambly done gone away, an' dey done took dat meddlin', tattlin' ole mammy wid 'em, an' my key jes' fits de store-room lock, an' de sunshine ob prosperity is above us!"

"Well, if here ain' Lindy Jackson! How in de lan's name did she git here dis time 'er day!"

"How's yer, Miss Lindy? Walk in an' take a seat. Dat's a fine mince pie youse got dar. I reckon you run ober wid it while Mis' Smith was down-town."

Jane now returned with the four dead chickens which she began to pick while she sang: "I n-e-e-d thee every h-o-u-r."

Patrick Henry and George Washington reported the furniture moved, and were sent by Aunt Susan on a collecting tour to the various houses where the expected guests were employed.

The first house they visited was Dr. Cooke's, and Mrs. Sarah Primus, who attended to the culinary department there, was watching, with a quart of beautiful, large oysters. Lieutenant Paul's was the next kitchen visited, and here Mrs. Mahala Reed reigned supreme and "nothing was kept under lock and key."

At length the bucket was about filled with oysters, while the piled market basket caused some narrow escapes in its transit to the Van Arsdale home, for the people were now coming home from the churches.

Evening came and found Mrs. Susan Washington standing in front of the long glass in the large chamber usually occupied by the lady of the house, holding her breath till her eyes literally bulged from the sockets, while Jane (who as supper chambermaid was supposed to be an authority upon toilets) strained till the belt of Mrs. Van Arsdale's second best black silk gave a warning crack, in her efforts to make it meet around Aunt Susan's forty-two inch waist.

"Tain' no use, Mis' Washington, 'wont meet, not by six inches; but I kin jes' pin it on each side, and dar's a han'some pink sash in Miss Flora's bureau what I kin pin ober de gap. It's er long train so it won' hitch up much in de back nohow."

"Yes," said the suffering victim, "but what'n de land's name 'll I do 'bout de wais'?"

Jane looked blank for a moment, but she stepped to the wardrobe and produced a lavendar silk breakfast sacqué, with a cascade of soft lace falling its full length from the throat, and helped Aunt Susan into it.

"Lor', maw, yer do look gran'!" giggled Polly. "But, come, he'p me git into dis here worritin' frock. I'm plagued if 'tain' too short nohow. You jes' take some pins and pin it down"—as Aunt Susan came forward and began to adjust Miss Flora's garnet cashmere upon the gaunt form of her eldest hopeful. "Not too fur down now—you know how it's got to connec' wid de basque."

Jane, in the meantime, had donned a soft blue tea-gown of Miss Flora's, and could be heard in the adjoining room handling such articles of jewelry as had been left upon that young lady's dressing table. Aunt Susan stepped hastily to the door. "You, Jane!" she thundered, "you ornery critter! You jes' lef' lone dose jewelries! Ain' yer got no conshuns? I's lef' in charge ob dis here place and I feel worvy ob de trus', an' I ain' de one ter see de fambly jewelries so much as teched by any one here present! You take dat comb right outen yer head an' dem spanglers offer yer black wris's."

The ladies descended to the large hall which ran the full depth of the house and had been settled upon as the best place in which to receive the guests.

Here they were met by Patrick Henry and George Washington, who were arrayed in borrowed garments of their masters.

"Now, mammer," said Polly, "yo' stan' near de do' an' hol' yer hans so—wid yer hankchief atween 'em. Jane, yo' stan' aside her an' laugh like Miss Flora do, no matter what de folks says. Patrick Henry an' me'll be at de dinin'-room do' to show 'em in."

Mr. Latiny Lazarus and Miss Lavinia Speed were the first comers, and they received a warm welcome. While the lady was laying aside her wraps Mr. Lazarus stood gazing about him in a kind of awe.

"Dis here house is mighty 'ceivin'. It looks sizable from de outside, but when yer gits in it de walls stretch a-w-a-y from yer, an' de ceilin' r-i-s-e above yer, till yer feel like er ant in er quart cup!"

Miss Araminta Phœnix and Mr. Hiram Spinner came next.

"Walk right in! How's yer sister, Miss Araminta?" said Aunt Susan.

"She's poorly, thank God, Mis' Washington. What wid de wuk an' her drunk ole man an' all dem chillen, she's 'bout played out!"

"Has she got nice clothes fur dat new baby?"

"No, she ain' got none 't all, an' she say she ain' gwine to git none nuther. She's done 'vided close fur nine chillen already, an' she say she's sure dat's her share, so she's trus'in to de Lord to snatch dis one."

The bell interrupted them here, and quite a batch of guests arrived together. At length all had arrived excepting Elder Jones when the party was startled by a very decided knocking at the kitchen door. A terror fell upon the people. With widely distended eyes and chattering teeth Patrick Henry pronounced the magic word, "Cops!"

Cautiously Mr. Lazarus opened the kitchen door a few inches, with a rough and threatening, "Who's dar?"

"It's me, de shepherd ob dis flock," a stern voice replied.

The elder's sheep flocked around him and Aunt Susan hastily and triumphantly threw open the dining-room doors, while Mr. Columbus Smackum announced in stentorian tones: "De feas' is spread an' we only waits de leadin' ob our honerd parstor 'fore we perceeds to clean up de boa'd."

"One minute, Broder Smackum," said Elder Jones. "As de shepherd ob dis flock, I am here dis night, an' I kin tell yer dat

de bleatin' dat comes to my years soun's pow'ful mo' like de voice of de goat dan ob de lamb! Before we goes inter dat lubly and temptin' table I wants all ob yer here present what calls 'emse'ves strictly hones', an' is members in good standin' in Ebenezer Church, fur ter take dere stan' agin de souf wall—fardes' from dat dinin'-room."

Like one man the righteous throng swung southward.

"I's glad, brederin an' sisters, if yer all b'long dar on de souf side, an' in de sunshine ob de Lord's approval, rader dan on de norf side, where de win' ob His wraf an' curse sweeps ober yer; but be re'sured dat if any stan' dar er-callin' ob hissel hones', when de bran' of de thief res' upon his soul, he is er-layin up judgment agin hisself in de las' day!"

The crowd swayed uneasily toward the center of the hall.

"Now look fru dem do's as yer stand opposite"—every eye followed the direction of the long black finger as it pointed to the table—"each one on yer look straight at de donation what yer brung or sent, an' den look in yer own heart an' see if dat was 'pervided hones'' in de sight ob de pusson whose house it lef' 'fore it come here."

A groan was the only answer.

"Brederin an' sisters, dat food in dar would stick in de froat ob any hones' pusson what tried to swaller it. Better is a dinner ob yarbs, what's come by hones', dan de stalded ox what war hooked from his crib." (Sounds of sobs and murmurs of "Lord! L-o-r-d!!" from the assembly.)

"Now be not cas' down, fur, brederin', de Lord neber yet 'low a temptation fur to come to any man 'thout pervidin' a do' ob 'scape. Yer can each one resto' ter de owner de victuals what yer fotch here, unteched. To screw up yer courage, we will all jine in singin' one verse ob 'Zion is a hard road to trabel', an' den while Mr. Tobe Watkins gibs us a verse ob 'De debil's hard arter my soul,' each penitent will 'sume dey wraps an' geder from de dinin'-room whateber dey brung or sent an' kerry it back ter de place what dey fotch it from."

"I ax nothin' onreason'ble, de Lord, He know our frame, He 'members we is dus'—coal-dus'. If et's beyon' yer strength to 'fess yer fault ter yer missuses, jes' leabe yer tings at dere do's an' ring de bells, an' when yer done it, come wid clean han's an' pure hearts to my house on Goat alley, an' he'p yerse'ves freely ter de barrel ob apples an' de bushel of ches'nuts what Uncle Adam an' Aunt Hannah Norris done pervided hones' in de sight ob all men—an' may de Lord be wid yer an' furgib yer!"

And, as the last startling notes of "De debil's hard arter my soul," shot from the throat of Mr. Tobe Watkins, the door closed upon the bearer of almost the last dainty which had so lately crowned the Thanksgiving board.

Neddie's Thanksgiving Visit

I tum to see my gran'ma one cold Fanksgivin' day,
I shooked and fweezed and chattered all along ve way;
Gran'ma was knitting stockings and so I twied to knit,
Dot hold of ve wong fwed and undid every bit.

Nex' day I twied to tackle a piggy for a horse,
I tumbled in ve pig-pen—whew! wasn't gran'ma cross?
I'm sure I wan't to blame 'cause my new dwess was white,
If mamma 'd made it pig-color 'twouldn't have showed a mite.

My gran'ma's got a brick room filled up wiv pans of milk;
One day I let in pussie—she's des' as soft as silk—
An' pussie likes ve fick cweam ve best of any fing.
I sat her down aside a pan; you'd ought to heard her sing.

She's awful funny, pussie, along ve shelf she ran
And wiv her little nosie made blue holes in every pan.
But gran'ma's awful stingy—she dwived us bofe away,
And said she'd a mind to send me home 'afore another day.

Sometimes ze pussie's naughty: one day she catched a mouse,
An' chased, an' teased, an' bited it all around ve house.
I hit her wiv ve 'tato-masher every time she'd turn.
I dot away poor mousie an' hid him in ve churn.

Who ever fot zat cweam would drown? I fot 'twas only wivers—
But when my gran'ma churned nex' day zat mouse was drowned to slivers.
Vey gave ve butter to ve pigs, vey putted me to bed,
An' vey spanked poor pussie awful, wite on her pretty head.

One day I saw a tub of milk—we keeps ours in a dish—
I fot 'twas good for noffin, an' so I d catch some fish.
I des dot sitted down—my feets was pretty fweeze—
When in came gran'ma screaming, "Zat fellow's in my cheese!"

She jumped me out, I tell you, wite on the cold stone floor,
She called my new boots dirty, an' locked ve dawy door.
I've been awful good to gran'ma—haint raised a speck of dust,
But I'm going home to-morrow, 'cause gran'ma says I must.

The Thanksgiving Ride of the Pumpkins

By Ella M. Powers.

Five jolly, fat pumpkins one moonlight night
Said: "Come, let us all take a ride.
The turkeys will take us with ease and delight."
So away they all rode in great pride.

But soon Mistress Cook cried out in dismay,
"O, where are my turkeys, my pies?"
"They all went away to spend Thanksgiving day,"
Said the moon, laughing down from the skies.

Where the Mince Pie Grows

Little Sam Sugartooth said to himself,
As he sat by a great big rose:
"I wish I could go with a fairy elf
To the land where the mince pie grows.
I'd sit all day, in a dreamy way,
And I'd watch them bud and bloom,
And I'd eat and eat of the fruit so sweet
Just as long as my stomach had room."

Little Sam Sugartooth fell asleep,
And as sure as the tale I tell,
The elfins softly round did creep,
And the boss one said: " 'Tis well."
With a graceful hand he waved his wand,
And sleeping Sam arose
On the elfins' backs, and they all made tracks
For the land where the mince pie grows.

Little Sam Sugartooth opened his eyes
And he looked with a wondering gaze,
And he saw 'twas the bakerman making pies,
And the boss bakerman, he says:
"Dot's a nice leedle tog unt a olt creen frog
Unt some drash vat I fount in de streed:
Shust schop dem nice, mit dose rats unt mice,
Unt 'dwill do for de next mince mead."

Little Sam Sugartooth kept quite still,
But he thought that his sides would bust
When he saw those bakermen with a will
Commence on the mince pie crust.
In a great big trough, with their stockings off,
In their bare, red, flat Dutch feet,
They tramped that dough, till the boss said: "Ho!
Dot'll do; pring de nice mince mead."

Little Sam Sugartooth watched them close
As they brought out their rolling pins,
And he saw them putting that horrid dose
Into rusty old worn-out tins.
But his stomach was sick and his sight grew thick,
As anyone would suppose,
And he wished in his heart that he might depart
From the land where the mince pie grows.

Little Sam Sugartooth stirred himself
And he found he had dreamt a dream,
But he looked around for the fairy elf,
For the whole thing strange did seem.
And since that day the folks do say
That he turns his nose up high,
And hops like a frog and barks like a dog
When you offer him fresh mince pie.

A Thanksgiving Dinner

By Lesbia Bryant.

Young Turkey Gobbler, with highly arched head,
Looked at his mates gathered round:
"To-morrow's Thanksgiving," he earnestly said,
"And not one of us must be found;
For I heard the farmer tell his wife
That he would only kill *three*—
And all the while he sharpened his knife
He kept his eye on me.
'Forewarned is forearmed'—a saying old;
Come, let's hide!" he said.
But the next morning, stiff and cold,
He hung by his legs in the shed.

Miss Yellow Pumpkin, with tears in her eyes,
Grew on a sunny slope.
"To-morrow's Thanksgiving—they always have pies;
But they won't find me, I hope!
To be made into pies—what a dreadful fate!"
And she rolled from side to side.
"Oh, there comes the farmer's daughter, Kate,
And I must surely hide!"
Then Miss Yellow Pumpkin rolled down hill,
Bruising her dainty self,
And she didn't come to her senses until
There were twelve golden pies on the shelf.

"I wonder what they are trying to do?"
Said the Apples in the bin.
"If we're to be pared and cut in two,
I think it's a shame and a sin!
And only think—to be wrapped in dough,
And put over a kettle to steam!
And now comes the very worst of it, though—
To be eaten—with sugar and cream!"

The Potatoes and Onions, the Turnips and Squash
Got into a regular flutter,
When the farmer's wife gave each a taste
Of the very same kind of butter.
"How can I stand it," Sir Table said;
And he groaned as if in pain.
"Oh, dear, I would be really glad
If Thanksgiving ne'er came again.
Oh, me! oh, me!" and he groaned the more
As the children took their places;
But smilingly his load he bore
When he saw their happy faces.

The Little Turkey Gobbler

Said the turkey gobbler's mamma to the little turkey gobbler,
"Stay at home!
No matter what temptation comes, I warn you yet again,
Do not roam!"
Then the anxious mamma went away to spend the autumn day,
But alas!
She was not gone two hours before a butcher-man that coop
Did pass—pass!
Ah! you, my little hearers, sure can guess the rest of it;
For you know
That gobbler, he was fat, and that butcher knew it well,
And so, so,
He grabbed him by the leg, swung his head across a block—
Woe is me!
And when his mamma came at night, nothing but his head
Could she see!

Home for Thanksgiving

By Jean Murdock.

Just outside a peaceful little hamlet on the shores of broad, beautiful Erie, lies the dear old farm—my birthplace.

In fancy I see again the old, low red-brick house with its wide cosy veranda, the blue smoke curling lazily from the broad chimneys, the large, old-fashioned flower-garden.

At the back, stretched the broad acres of my father's farm, with their fields of waving, golden grain, or green pastures, over which roamed the mild-eyed cows, or galloped the spirited horses.

Such was my home; the place where my merry girlhood was spent among my brothers and sisters, Archie and Nell, Grace,

Charlie and myself, a happy, careless, loving troop. All day long we played racing over the meadows, roaming through the woods or building houses on the sand.

Ah, that is a long time since! Our clever, gifted, handsome Archie, is now a lawyer at the bar. Nell, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Nell, is now a comely matron, with a little brood of her own to watch over and care for. Grace is married to a young merchant. Charlie, wild, wilful, generous-hearted Charlie, has studied medicine. Only the old, white-haired father and mother are left in that home now. Dear old father is bent and aged, deep wrinkles plough his worn face and his withered hand trembles. And mother, the idol of our young days, is failing fast, but she looks up with the old, tender smile to meet the husband of her youthful days.

"We are fading away, Jeems," she says. "We shall soon cross the dark valley, and the place that has known us so long shall know us no more. God has prospered us, my husband; He has sent us plenty, and dear, noble boys and girls to be a comfort to us in our old age. Before we go, Jeems, we will have them all around us once again for Thanksgiving."

So we meet in a body at the village and go out together with our families, to the dear, old familiar homestead.

At the door we are met by father, who says not a word, but silently takes us in his arms and kisses us, placing his dear, old hands in blessing on the curly heads of our children, who are wild with happiness to see grandpa again.

But grandma, where is she? Grandpa leads us into the parlor with its cheery open fireplace, and there sits grandma.

Silently, with wet eyes and throbbing hearts we kneel and kiss the faded lips and silver hair, and grandma smiles and says, "God bless you, my children." Then the little ones are lifted up to kiss grandma good-night. Ah! little do they dream that it is "Good-bye"; that ere they see her again grandma will be beyond the sky in the light of God's eternal love. Oh! what a home-coming is this; what a Thanksgiving!

With aching hearts we tuck the children away in bed and go down to receive our last good night.

"Read for me, Archie, my boy," the mother says, as we all gather round her, with poor, old father's head bent on the arm of her chair to conceal the anguish he will not pain her by letting her see.

And Archie reads the words that have been her "Staff of Life."

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

Low, clear and sweet come her parting words, "Yea, though I go down into the valley of the shadow of Death, I have no fear, for Thou art with me. Good-bye, my children, a loving Saviour unite you with me in heaven. Dear Jeems, do not mourn, you will come to me ere long, and—it is well with my soul."

With a gasp the gentle life is ended, and we are left alone to cry with motherless hearts for "mother, mother," and to comfort as best we can the lonely heart of the dear father who has lost his "all" on earth.

Thanksgiving

By Harry Romaine.

"Bring home a turkey; don't forgit,
And praties, Pat; we need 'em."
"Ah, Biddy, if you asked for it
I'd get the bird of freedom."
"The eagle! Sure he'd be enough
To keep us from starvation.
But wouldn't he be rather tough?
He's oulder than the nation."
"He tough! Bedad you're off the track;
Columbia, heaven defend her,
Puts him upon the dollar's back,
And then he's *legal* tender."

A Thanksgiving Story

'Twas to be a grand Thanksgiving,
For the harvest stored away
Safely in barn and cellar,—
A time to feast and pray.

Alike in the cot and mansion
Was a hurrying here and there;
And the scent of the browning turkey
Filled, like incense, all the air.

Dear little Puritan Ruthie
Looked on in a glad surprise,
With her small hands quaintly folded,
And her blue eyes grave and wise;

And a host of eager questions
Flitting from brain to tongue,
To puzzle the busy workers
Their savory tasks among;

Until her mother lost patience.
"Ruth, 'tis Thanksgiving day,"
She said, "and we are all busy;
Thee must go out and play.

"I will call thee when I want thee."
Then quietly little Ruth
Tripped out of the noisy kitchen,
Though she'd rather not, in truth.

The dinner at last was ready,
The haste and the bustle were o'er,
And the mother, flushed with toiling,
Swung open the cottage door,

Calling, "Come, child, now I want thee,
I want thee, Ruth; does thee hear?"
But her face grew white that moment
With a sudden dreadful fear.

Where was she, her little daughter?
The forest was deep and wide;
"Ruth! Ruth!" but only the echo
Of her trembling voice replied.

The dinner was left untasted,
And the search went bravely on,
Till the pale stars shone in heaven
And the daylight all had gone.

"Have you tidings of the lost one?"
'Twas a heart-sick mother's cry,
To one and another searcher,
"None yet," was the low reply;

"But there soon must be; be trustful."
And all through the darksome night
The torches flamed and flickered
Under the stars' pale light.

At last in the east a glimmer
Told of a day begun;
And the scattered band of hunters
Heard—was it the signal gun?

Found! in a sheltered corner—
In a hollow snug and deep;
All rosy, unharmed, and peaceful,
The child lay fast asleep.

Found! but the joyous clamor
Of a sudden died in air,
For the golden head was nestling
On a great, black, shaggy bear.

He growled at the waving torchlight,
Ruth's blue eyes opened wide.
"I'm glad you've come to find me,
I knew you would!" she cried.

She glanced at the leveled muskets,
Half a dozen all around;
And forth, with a cry of terror,
She sprang, at a single bound!

"Don't shoot the dog!" she pleaded,
Her wee hands clasping tight;
"He has kept me warm and safe
All through this cold, dark night."

"So be it!" cried her father,
As he clasped her in his arm;
"Not a single hair of his shaggy coat
Through us shall come to harm!"

Then home went the glad procession
Through the morning growing fair,
To the cottage in the forest,
To the mother waiting there

For the child, whose face she sprinkled
With the tears she could not stay—
"I thank Thee, Lord!" she murmured,
"For this Thanksgiving day."

Pumpkin Pie

When melancholy days come round and leaves get brown and red;
When corn is shocked, and when you add a blanket to your bed;
When apples, pared and quartered, are set in the sun to dry;
This is the time you smack your lips and think of pumpkin pie.

This pumpkin pie's a tempting dish to almost any fellow;
So sweet and tender, luscious (yum!) and then, withal, so yellow.
You stir up eggs and milk and spice and sugar, O my eye!
And then you add the pumpkin, and that makes the pumpkin pie.

A Thanksgiving Legend

By Gilbert Nash.

All day the hungry cattle roamed the bleak November hills,
The scattered grass-blades, sere and dry, crushed crisply to the tread,
The gushing springs, that leaped so oft to swell the eager rills,
And clothe the fields with velvet garb, before the drought had fled.
No corn lay nestling in the stock, no meal the closet bore,
The harvest shrunk beneath the blast of that fierce summer sky,
No hay the barren mows upheld, empty and bare the floor,
And now the dreary winter months were hastening all too nigh.

One question spoke in every face—"Where shall we look for bread?"
The days still fly, as they have fled; no succor meets the gaze.

The gen'rous main yields scanty fare, though brave men struggle hard.
The very fish lie under ban, while children cry for food,
The sandy beach, whose fruitful breast, with jealous care they guard,

Responds not to their pressing need, but sleeps in solitude.
All human help has vanished quite, the last hope almost fled,
While now, upon the bended knee, men seek their God in prayer,
Will He, who for them gave His Son, and brought Him from the dead,
Look coldly on their agony, and now refuse His care?
"O God, whose ear the fathers heard, hear Thou the children's prayer!
Thou at whose word earth's treasures lie, in whose right hand is power,
Look down in mercy on our woe, and in our blank despair,
Be Thou our strong deliverer, our refuge in this hour.
Thou leddest Israel as a flock—from heaven came angels' food—
And badest, from the flinty rock, the living waters leap.
Has Thy strong arm its vigor lost? Is Thine a changeful mood?
Are we not Thine, and wilt Thou not Thine oft-made promise keep?"

The strong man bows in trusting faith—the woman bows in tears—
The children look in wonderment—they, also, look and pray,
Will He not visit their distress, and calm their many fears?
Will He not open now their path, and from the night bring day?
Look yonder—see that glittering speck far out upon the main!
And eager eyes are all aflame—up springs the bended knee!
The fiercely throbbing hearts are mute—the flashing eyeballs strain,
And yet 'tis but a tiny star that dances on the sea.
And now it lifts upon the wave, now sinks again from sight;
It sparkles like a royal gem, then for an instant hides;
But swiftly flies before the breeze, a messenger of light,
And soon, the cry, "A sail! a sail! Blest be the hand that guides!"
And now the strange bark nears the stand, the rushing cables hiss,
The pond'rous anchor plunges sheer, and grasps the ground below;

Hand meets with hand in manly clasp—the tear greets many a kiss—
For each, though ne'er before they met, finds none a stranger now.

"Thanksgiving for the mercies past, and for the future good;
For though He guides in unknown ways, the end is always sure!
Our Lord, the ever-faithful God, gives to the hungry food,
And never fails His children, while His promises endure.
Praise, then, from joyous hearts, we bring to Him on bended knee,
And thanks for that deliverance which He has wrought this day,
And, year by year, glad hearts shall sing a welcome jubilee,
While children's children lift the strain, and grateful memory pay."

Reasons for Thanks

By Walter J. Ballard.

Let us be thankful to Almighty God for all the blessings He has showered and is showering upon the American nation in material things.

Let us be thankful for the way in which He has led the American people in the paths of duty and honor in the years that are past.

Let us be thankful for the clear conception He has given the American people of their obligations for the future, toward the oppressed of their own and all lands.

Let us be thankful for the spirit of loyalty and gratitude in which the American people have always responded to these leadings and obligations.

Let us be thankful for Abraham Lincoln and the removal of the curse of slavery from our midst, heavy as was the price we paid for its removal.

Let us be thankful for the sense of duty displayed by our brethren of the South in accepting the verdict of the civil war, and

for the energy they have put forth in building up the New South.

Let us be thankful for the patriotism of the North and the South in promptly responding to the call for military and naval service when the crisis of the Spanish war was upon us.

Let us be thankful for the inspiration to duty which always animates our army and navy when the call to action comes.

Let us be thankful for the "Stars and Stripes," which proclaims liberty to all, when flung to the sun-kissed breezes of the Pacific, or the icy winds of the Arctic.

Let us be thankful that we can point to that flag in any part of the world, and with the words: "That is my country's flag," rest safely under its folds.

Let us be thankful for that American spirit of individuality which can always be relied on "with the hour to produce the man."

Let us be thankful for the examples left us by the lives of America's glorious dead.

Let us be thankful for the magnificent contributions continually being given by Americans to the cause of American education and advancement.

Let us be thankful for the free public schools of America with their sixteen millions of American boys and girls.

Let us be thankful for the army of devoted men and women, who in teaching these sixteen million school children are building the America of the future.

Let us be thankful for that other army of devoted workers, who, either in the pulpits and missions of our own land, or in foreign lands, are doing Christ's work upon earth.

Let us be thankful for that realization of obligation to duty which enables the American people always to take to heart what the poet meant when he wrote:

> "For the cause that lacks assistance,
> For the wrong that needs resistance,
> For the future in the distance,
> And the good that we can do."

Let us be thankful that we are Americans.

His Thanksgiving Dream

By Agnes M. Smith.

Three plates full of turkey with cranberry sauce,
And four or five vegetables, too,
And candy and raisins and ice-cream and pie—
Poor Tommy! How little he knew
What a quarrel they'd have in his little insides
In the course of that Thanksgiving night!
The people he dreamed of were all so mixed up,
He couldn't get one of them right.
Miss Muffet was sitting on something quite high,
It wasn't a tuffet at all;
It looked very much as if—yes, it must be!
It *was,* Humpty Dumpty's red wall!
And Humpty see-sawed with Miss Margery Daw—
He tumbled, and came down too soon;
And Little Red Riding Hood, dear little girl,
Ran away with the man in the moon.
King Cole, he was busily shaving the pig;
The Barber was singing "Ding-Dong!"
The maid wasn't hanging out clothes as she should,
She was singing the old sixpence song.
Jack Horner was asking the little black sheep
To give him a bag full of wool;
And "Diller a Dollar," that ten o'clock scholar,
For once was quite early at school.
Now "Rockaby, baby, upon the tree-top,"
Was queer for Tom Tucker to sing.
The queen ate her honey with Little Boy Blue;
The little dog laughed—at the king!
Now Little Bo Peep rode to Banbury Cross
So fast that Cock Horse couldn't stop!

When Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
She found it was full to the top!
Now Tommy slept badly because of all this;
He hated his pie and ice-cream.
And he was right glad when he woke up next day,
To find it was *only* a dream.

A Thanksgiving Lesson

By Eva Lyle Dickinson.

CHARACTERS: { ELLEN, a girl aged fourteen. / CARRIE, aged twelve. / ANNA, ten. / KATHLEEN, eight. }

SCENE: Ellen seated by a table reading. The others grouped together, laughing and whispering.

ELLEN. Kathleen, do you know what day this is?

KATHLEEN. Of course, I do. It's Thanksgiving.

ELLEN. Yes, that's right. I've found a nice story, about the first Thanksgiving, that I will read to you after a while.

ANNA. Don't want to hear it. Get enough of books in school without reading anything on a holiday.

ELLEN. But you want to know something about Thanksgiving, don't you? Why do we keep Thanksgiving anyway, Carrie?

ANNA. You must think we don't know anything.

CARRIE. I don't know, and don't care, just so I get my turkey.

ELLEN. Yes, but you should care. What if someone should ask you why you keep Thanksgiving? What would you say?

CARRIE. That I'm thankful for a holiday.

ELLEN. I'd be ashamed to tell it. Well, what do we have on Thanksgiving?

CARRIE. Turkey, for one thing.

ANNA. And cranberry sauce.

ELLEN. I mean at church. What have we at church?

KATHLEEN. Thanksgiving service.

ELLEN. There, Kathleen knows more than either of you You all be quiet now and I'll read you this story.

ANNA. You don't care about anything but old books.

KATHLEEN. And you want us to be just like you.

ELLEN. I don't, but you should know, or want to know, something about Thanksgiving. Listen, now, while I read this. It's a nice story and you ought to remember it. [*Reads*:] "After Columbus found America, people began to come here and settle. There were some good people, called Pilgrims, across the sea, who were not happy. Their king would not let them worship God in their own way. So they said, 'Let us go away to the new country, America.' They came here in a ship called——"

CARRIE. Oh, Ellen, do you know that conundrum about Thanksgiving?

ANNA and KATHLEEN. Tell it, Carrie!

CARRIE. What country in Europe would you celebrate Thanksgiving with?

[*Pause.*] ANNA. Tur——

KATHLEEN. Turkey. That's good. Tell another.

CARRIE. Can't think of any now.

ELLEN. Quit talking and let me finish this story. Where was I? Oh, yes, I see. [*Reads*:] "They came here in a ship called the 'Mayflower.' The men had to work seven years to pay for the ship. Men, women and children came. They lived in log houses, worked very hard and were often cold and hungry. The Indians gave them much trouble, but they were happy because they could worship God in their own way."

ANNA. I don't see where you get anything about Thanksgiving in that.

ELLEN. This is about the first Thanksgiving now. "The Pilgrims had a long, cold winter; often they did not have enough to eat. Many took sick and died. In the spring they planted

wheat and corn; it grew well and in the fall they found they had enough for the next winter. They said——"

CARRIE. Oh, yes, I've thought of another riddle. If a colored waiter should drop a turkey when carrying it to the dining room, what effect would it have upon the nations of the earth?

[*Pause.*] ANNA and KATHLEEN. Give it up.

ANNA. What's the answer?

CARRIE. The downfall of Turkey, the overthrow of Greece, the break-up of China and the humiliation of Africa. That's a good one, isn't it?

ELLEN. Do be quiet while I finish reading. "They said, 'Let us thank God for this.' So they all went to church and thanked God who had been so good to them. Then the Pilgrims gave a party which lasted many days. The good Indians——"

ANNA. I know a riddle. What is the principal key at Thanksgiving?

CARRIE. I don't know.

KATHLEEN. Neither do I.

ANNA. Turkey.

ELLEN. Well, the good Indians came to their party. [*Exit* CARRIE.] "The men brought wild turkeys and deer from the woods [*exit* ANNA *and* KATHLEEN], and oysters from the sea, and the children gathered nuts." Wouldn't you have liked to—Well, if those children haven't gone. Oh, dear, I'm afraid they will never learn anything. It will not be my fault, though.

Thanksgiving Day

BY GEORGE L. RAYMOND.

I sought the house Thanksgiving Day,
And found its inmates all away,
Save her who sat before the fire,
And by her side, her palsied sire.

At play, betwixt her fingers white,
A needle nimbly glanced the light;
But oft her eyes it could not stay,
To either side would glance away.

And on her right hand, open spread,
There lay the Book of God she read;
And on her left I just could trace
An infant namesake's pictured face.

The Book of God, the housekeeper,
The babe that had been named for her,
The Book and babe and she between,—
Through doors ajar I mark'd the scene.

And while she sat before me so,
Content to share another's woe;
A captive for her sisters gone,
Whom all their joy depended on;

Now cheer'd to read of heavenly worth
For soul denying self on earth;
Now moved to do the deed she should
Lest wrong should lead that child from good:—

Another soul, my heart felt sure,
Could keep, if so surrounded, pure,—
If there God lured his thought above,
And here one shared his name and love.

The scene was homely; yes, I know,
But homely scenes may haunt one so!—
That still her sweet face with me stays,
My days are all Thanksgiving Days.

Thanksgiving at the Farm

Josiah Starn had just finished a large and pleasing breakfast of buckwheat cakes and Jersey sausage, and was now drawing long whiffs from his corn-cob pipe.

While he smoked, Catharine Anne, his wife, cleared away the breakfast things.

"Coming to service this mornin', ain't you, Josiah?" she asked.

"I reckon no, Catharine Anne—not tu-day; no—not tu-day."

"And why not, Josiah?"

"Well, Catharine Anne, it's just this: I've got a feelin' as I'd like to spend the mornin' alone with Natur'. I'll do a thanksgiving out in the woods thinkin' in my own quar way, figurin' up all the Lord hez done for the farm and me durin' the past year. You and the children go to meetin'; I'll just meander about and turn up at dinner time."

A look of disappointment made Catharine Anne's, "As you please, Josiah," a triumph of wifely tact.

An hour later Josiah watched his wife and seven children tramp churchward and, five minutes after that, he was hurrying down to the shore of Coon Lake. Four old friends were waiting for him,—Jake Holmes, Isaac Scattergood, Matthew Simpson and Paul Jenkins. The men got into a large flat-bottomed scow and pulled out to the centre of the lake.

"Rig the table," said Josiah Starn.

"Don't you boys feel the awful wetness of this water?" suggested Paul Jenkins.

"Well spoke, Paul. Well spoke. Draw that cork, Matthew. We'll start the day right, anyhow."

Five cheerful gurgles, five reluctant sweeps of rough hand over moist lips and then the five old farmers settled down to "communing with Nature," that is—a stiff game of draw poker.

Indian summer had taken all the chill out of the air and the sun shone kindly down. The party was a jolly one. Smiles

danced across wrinkled faces; laughter deep and husky came free and often.

But all happy times have an end and two o'clock drew painfully near. Josiah Starn had been playing from the start in bad luck.

"Last pot," cried some one. Josiah held up a four, five and seven of diamonds, drawing two cards. Scattergood modestly confessed he already held three aces; he'd take two cards; kings preferred. Holmes allowed he wouldn't buck agin Providence by drawing four cards to an ace. He would draw out of the game. Paul Jenkins said—and he spoke with deep feeling—that on any other day but Thanksgiving he'd just lay down his cards and swear, but "being as it was Thanksgiving he'd buy one card." Matthew Simpson called the boys to witness that he'd always stood pat on the last hand in the last Jack pot on Thanksgiving day. He'd got too old to make any new rules and so he'd take his chances with the papers he now held.

There was a moment of silence after the draw. Then Josiah Starn spoke plaintively: "I've got nothin' but five cards of doubtful value, but, as a neighborly act, I'll start the music for two dollars." Paul Jenkins said he would follow his first idea. Swear and back out. Scattergood complacently observed: "I caught that pair of kings, and the least I can do, sitting behind an ace full, is to see Josiah Starn's two dollars and rise him a cool ten."

It was Matthew Simpson's turn to speak. Starn and Scattergood eyed Simpson suspiciously as he toyed with his cards. At last he came to a decision. "Boys, we are all old friends and this is a day of thanksgiving. I'd orter put this hand down. That would be good poker, but I ain't playing poker just now—I'm playing friends, and so I'm agoin' to see Starn's two dollars, Scattergood's ten dollars and tip the pot a cool one hundred."

Once more it was Josiah Starn's turn to speak.

"Boys, I've long been thinking of giving up farming and turning missionary, and when I devotes myself entirely to my fellow-men I ain't goin' to want no kind of property to worry

about. Now this particular hand in this yer particular game, on this particular pious day, gives me a chance to distribute all I've got. A follerin' this idea up, I'm going to do a bluff. There's Scattergood's rise of ten dollars that uses up all the silver I've got left. Simpson, you've always said them two Alderney cows of mine would be dog-cheap at one hundred dollars. My sorrel horse, Tom, with cart and harness, is good for say eighty-five dollars. Then there's three ploughs and a new harrow—we'll let them go for twenty-five dollars more. Them figures up two hundred and ten dollars, and here they all goes into this distribution-pot. That sees your rise of one hundred dollars, Simpson, and lifts the pot one hundred and ten more."

Scattergood nervously remarked: "It'll be Simpson's money, sure. But Simpson's cut out to be a rich man; I ain't. He'll get all my money sooner or later, and to make it sooner, I'll call. My potato crop this year is good for at least $210."

Simpson said he'd call that rise of Josiah Starn's by putting up $60 in cash and a due bill for his colt, worth $50.

"Well, boy?" he asked Scattergood. "What can you show? I know you were lying about those aces."

"I display four queens," calmly stated Scattergood.

"No good—four aces here," said Simpson, and he made a move to draw in the pot, but checked himself as a matter of idle form. "Anything to say, Josiah?"

Josiah apparently came back from a long wander. "Anything to say? What have I got? Not much, I reckon; but let's take a look." Carefully he slipped the cards one over the other. "Boys, I've caught a *straight flush.*"

Catharine Anne Starn caught sight of Josiah five minutes before he reached home, so that when he arrived he found dinner on the table, and seven hungry little Starns all in their places.

"A bit late you are, Josiah."

"Sorry, Mother; but you know when I get communin' with Natur' I'm apt to forget the passage of time"; and Josiah dropped into the arm-chair at the head of the table.

Catharine Anne from behind the great turkey, looked at him interrogatively for a moment, and then asked, "Have you forgot all about saying grace?"

"Of course, of course;" and Josiah, in a voice trembling with emotion, said: "For what we have received this day, O Lord! make us truly, truly thankful."

The dinner was a great success. Catharine Anne regarded her husband with a happier look than she had worn since her wedding day, and gave him extra helpings to all the good things.

When the plum pudding and mince pies had disappeared and the children had gone out, Catharine Anne came over to where Josiah was sitting and, bending down, kissed him, whispering: "You've made me very glad to-day, Josiah. I am very, very proud of you."

"How's that, Catharine Anne?"

"I've never done you justice, Josiah. Somehow, I never could believe you had the true religious spirit, but, no man without that spirit could have put the onction and the fer-ver you did into your blessing to-day. Forgive me, Josiah, for my hasty judgment."

Josiah placed his big right hand over his eyes. "Jumping at conclusions is allus risky business, Catharine Anne"; but, as she hurried away to quell a disturbance among the children, he muttered, "Catharine Anne—bless the old girl—has been a good wife to me. I'll buy her that ten-dollar Bible with pictures of all the 'postals and prophets in it next time I go to town—and—I don't believe—I'll ever—play poker—again."

Pessimistic Gratitude

I don't see much that pleases me,
No matter where I turn;
The world is full of discontent,
And lessons none can learn.

The weather's always too intense;
Too hot or else too cold.
One day they tell you you're too young,
And next you are too old.
Dame Fortune is to me unkind,
For even when I score
I know that by a different plan
I might have gained much more.
I've known the pangs of hunger keen,
I've felt dyspepsia's clutch—
I've either not enough to eat
Or else I eat too much.
Though punishment is often swift,
Reward is very slow;
An enemy is always true,
Though friends are seldom so.
And yet I'll hail Thanksgiving Day
With sentiments devout—
I'm thankful for so many things
That I can kick about.

I'll Be at Home Thanksgivin'

By Lu B. Cake.

"Pard, I'm better."

"Glad to hear it, Jack. I knowed ye'd pull through."

"Waal, I calc'lated that ole army wound would drift me under. I come nigh throwin' up my claim."

"The lead war gittin' mighty blind, Jack. I tried t' ax ye last night whar yer folks war, spectin' to send 'em yer last words afore mornin'."

"Pard, I haint heerd of 'em fer fifteen years. I wuz allus wild. Kin ye write, messmate?"

"Waal, only sorter."

"Git th' tools an' I'll word it fer ye. Next Thursday's Thanksgivin'. I'm goin' to write my ole mother I'll be home. Draw close to my bunk, pard. Thar now, ye ready?"

"All staked out, Jack. Turn it on slow."

"In course. Fust—My ole, throwed-off mother——"

"Jack, I haint up in stylcs, but that sounds kinder——"

"It's jes' th' thing. I run away from her, messmate. Now foller th' lead close——I'll bc to home Thanksgivin'. I haint fergot ye, God bless ye. It's fiftecn year Thanksgivin' since yer boy run off to the war—crawled out the house like a Injun. But I resked one look at yer lovin' face. I've carried it, like a picter, all these years—that dear face, lookin' like when ye told yer wild boy to say his pra'rs. Somehow it showed up in all the bad places and kept me from goin' clean down. When I got reckless that face come an' follered me as a still pra'r——"

"Shut down, Jack. Thar, guess th' sun got in my eyes. Perceed."

"Th' night afore th' battle at Lookout Mountain yer face come to me with tears on the cheeks. I wuz shot next day an' left fer dead. But I pullcd up arter while, an' drifted West into th' mines. It's made yer boy rough, but thar's gold in the quartz yit. Nurthin' saved me only jest that face. When I started fer th' lower level, it allus come to coax me back. If I got broke an' everything went agin me, that face come smilin' to cheer me up. It riz before me in th' gamblin' hells, and I couldn't play; it would come 'tween me an' th' barkeep, an' look so white an' pleadin' I couldn't swoller th' drinks; it met me at the door of the dive, an' looked so sufferin' an' tear-wet I couldn't go in. Ev'rywhar I drifted all them years that face follered me like an angel's, cheerin' me in sorrer, savin' me from th' bad——"

"Turn it off, Jack. Somehow my eyes waters lookin' at the letters so kecrfully. Perceed."

"I hev bcen sick; my ole army wound broke out an' nearly took me over th' range. That face has been with me soothin' th'

pain when death made everything look dark. Yes, I'm comin' home with all of yer boy that face has saved—comin' to take keer of ye. I hev plenty of dust, and now I'm comin' to that face; comin' back to be near it an' make it the peacefullest face in all them diggins. Ye shan't know a want nor do anything; only jest be near me with that face. Good-bye till I come. God bless ye. Don't fergit, I'll be at home Thanksgivin'.

"Yer wanderin' boy,

"JACK."

"How will that pan, messmate?"

"Jack—I—thar! Some drops fell and blurred it—Jack—I—ye see——"

"Pard——

"Why, Jack! What's th' matter? Worse agin?"

"Pard—that face—tell—her——"

"Jack, don't ye know me? Speak to yer ole pard. Whar must I *send* it—whar is she? Dead! Poor Jack! ye'll be at home Thanksgivin' sure enough. May that face be 'mong th' angel ones that welcomes ye!"

The big, scarred hands closed the eyes with a gentle touch. Something fell on the calm face just as, a moment before, it fell upon the letter; then Jack's pard went out.

The sun shimmered down through a crevice and pictured on the cabin wall, over the dead, what seemed a mother's face looking smilingly down upon her sleeping boy. Fancy would say it was "that face."

The Thanksgiving Gourmand

Regal turkey, ere I start,
I am pledged to do my part;
I'll take a slice from off thy breast,
And eat it first, for that's the best.
Hear my vow, for "here I go,"
Oh, my hash! I love thee so.

By those beans in yonder dish,
By that bird they call codfish,
By that chicken pie sublime
Which was deemed enough for mine,
By my appetite's fierce glow,
Oh, my hash! I love thee so.

By that pie I've longed to taste,
But in longing doomed to waste—
By all hungry looks that tell
When I am waiting for the bell—
By my stomach's gnawing woe—
Oh, my hash! I love thee so.

Oh, my comrades! I am gone,
Abuse me not when left alone;
Though I ate with dire effect,
Yet there is a little left.
Can I stop much sooner? No!
Oh, my hash! I love thee so.

Ingin Summer

By Eva Wilder McGlasson.

Jest about the time when fall
Gits to rattlin' in the trees,
An' the man thet knows it all
'Spicions frost in every breeze,
When a person tells hisse'f
Thet the leaves look mighty thin,
Then thar blows a mellar breaf—
Ingin summer's hyere agin!

Kind-uh smoky-lookin' blues
Spin across the mountain-side;
An' the heavy mornin' dews
Greens the grass up fur and wide.
Natur' raly 'pears ez ef
She wuz layin' off a day—
Sort-uh drorin' in her breaf
'Fore she freezes up to stay.

Nary lick o' work *I* strike
'Long about this time o' year!
I'm a sort-uh slowly like,
Right when Ingin summer's here.
Wife an' boys kin do the work,
But a man with natchel wit,
Like I got, kin 'ford to shirk,
Ef he hes a turn for it.

Time when grapes set into ripe,
All I ast off any man
Is a common co'n-cob pipe
With terbacker to my han'.
Then jest loose me whar the air
Simmers 'crost me, wahm an' free!
Promised lands ull find me thar;
Wings ull fahly sprout on me!

I'm a-loungin' round on thrones,
Bossin' worlds f'om shore to shore,
When I stretch my marrer bones
Jest outside the cabin door!
An' the sunshine seepin' down
On my old head, bald an' gray,
'Pears right like the gilted crown
I expect to w'ar some day.

A Thanksgiving Sermon

My Friends:

Thanksgiving Day comes, by statute, once a year; to the honest man it comes as frequently as the heart of gratitude will allow, which may mean every day, or once in seven days, at least. I know that occasionally, in meeting, perhaps, a person confesses that he is a poor, miserable sinner, but you tell that person the same fact, out of doors, and he will get mad and tear round dreadfully. We are all honest, good, conscientious people, my friends, no matter what anybody says.

Now, I propose, my friends, to state a few of the things for us to be thankful for—when we are in the mood, of course; for when we are not inclined, who can make us give thanks for anything? We should be thankful that we know more than anybody else; for, are we not capable of talking and giving lectures upon every subject ever talked of? I should like to see the male or female in this audience, who didn't know a great deal more than anybody has any idea of!

We should be thankful that we are all good-looking. Aint we? Just look around this audience, and see if you can "spot" the person who is, in his own estimation, not good-looking. It would be a curious study, to be sure, to find in what particular some people are good-looking; but it's none of our personal business if a man has carroty hair, eyes like a new moon, nose like a split pear, mouth like a pair of waffle-irons, chin like a Dutch churn, neck like a gander's, and a body like a crowbar; comparatively, he is good-looking; that is, there are homelier men and animals than he; so everybody is good-looking and has a right to put on airs. Let us be very thankful, my friends, that this is so; for, otherwise, some of us would be shut up in "homes for the scarecrows," which government would have to provide.

We should be thankful that we are more pious than anybody else. That we are pious is evident from the manner in which we treat poor creatures who have most unfortunately been driven

to sin; from the fact that we pay our preachers occasionally, and always require them to be unexceptionable, in all respects; from the fact that we don't work on Sunday, and eat the big dinners which it has made the women-folks almost tired to death to prepare. Who is the person in this room that is not pious? I do not care to know him for the present.

We should give thanks that our house is, in many respects, superior to our neighbors'. True, it may not be as big, nor as fine-looking, nor, indeed, as attractive generally; but it is superior, nevertheless, as we always inform any man who wants to purchase,—we should be very thankful that we can turn things so favorably for our own interests.

We should be thankful that our teachers, and editors, and doctors, and lawyers, are such superior men, as we learn that they are when they come to die and have their epitaphs written.

We should be thankful, in fact, that this world was especially created for our own comfort, convenience, and use; that we have a perfect right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, no matter if these do conflict with some other persons' wishes, and happiness, and rights.

I hope you will thank me for this recognition of your good qualities, your rights, your glory; and trust I shall be permitted to say of myself, when I retire,

"Here *lies* an honest young man."

Thanksgiving

By Amelia E. Barr.

"Have you cut the wheat in the glowing field,
The barley, the oats, and the rye,
The golden corn, and the pearly rice?
For the winter days are nigh."
"We have reaped them all from shore to shore.
And the grain is safe on the threshing floor."

"Have you gathered the berries from the vines,
And the fruit from the orchard trees?
The dew and the scent from the rose and thyme
In the hive of the honey bees?"
"The peach and the plum and the apples are ours,
And the honeycomb from the scented flowers,
The wealth of the snowy cotton field,
And the gift of the sugar cane,
The savory herb and the nourishing root,
There has nothing been given in vain.
We have gathered the harvest from shore to shore,
And the measure is full and running o'er."

Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hands with a gift!
To the ancient Giver of all
The spirit in gratitude lift!
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice and the corn and the wheat,
The cotton and sugar and fruit,
The flowers and the fine honeycomb,
The country, so fair and so free,
The blessing and glory of home,
"Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!"
Joyfully, gratefully call,
To God, the "Preserver of Men,"
The bountiful Father of all.

A Miner's Thanksgiving

'Twere out in Dead Man's Canyon, where we was diggin' gold,
We'd washed a pile o' dust, but 'twere gittin' mighty cold.
Our branch was frozen up, an' we only had our spring,
So we thought we'd stop our diggin' an' every other thing.

There was only two pair ov us—Jim Smith an' Bob McKee,
An ornery little chap called Ned, an' Silas Jones—that's me.
We hed a cosy camp o' logs, an' firewood stacked sky high,
An' grub enough to feed us all till winter'd passed us by.

One day—an' 'twere a lovely morn—when we was loafin' 'round
A-smokin' an' a-gassin', an' a-listenin' to the sound
Ov the squirrels' barkin' shatter, Jim Smith, he made this play,
"Say, Si, y' lazy fellow, d'ye know what day's to-day?"

I vum, it knocked me silly, for 'twere Thanksgivin' Day,
An' my thoughts were roamin' backward to when I used to play
Around the ol' man's homestead, 'way down in dear old Maine,
Which I hed left in anger an' hadn't seen again.

I remembered ol' Thanksgivin's, an' a mist came in my eyes
As I thought ov ma a-bakin' those mince an' punkin pies;
An' I saw the big, fat turkey, a-sizzlin' hot an' brown,
An' the foamin' jugs ov cider with which we washed it down.

Then says I: "We ain't no larder for ter rightly celebrate,
But we'll do the best we can, an' we'll try ter do it straight.
Now, Bob, you shoot a sage hen, an' Jim, you bile that squash,
An' I'll make a pie ter please yer." An' so I did, b'gosh.

The hen weren't quite a turkey, but still 'twere stuffed with sage;
But the pie, it were a corker, for as cook I held the age.
We didn't have no cider, but we made the bugjuice flow,
An' we drank the toasts in bumpers to Thanksgivin's long ago.

An' as the firewood crackled, we talked ov days gone by—
An' then there'd be some silence, or a deep an' long-drawn sigh.
An' so in Dead Man's canyon, 'mid mountains capped with snow
We hed a real Thanksgivin' like we knowed long years ago.

Elder Sniffles's Thanksgiving Dinner

By Frances M. Whitcher.

"Elder Sniffles, let me give you another piece o' the turkey."

"I'm obliged to you, Mr. Maguire; you probably recollect that I remarked in my discourse this morning that individuals were too prone to indulge in an excessive indulgence in creature comforts on thanksgiving occasions. In view of the lamentable fact that the sin of gormandizing is carried to a sinful excess on this day, I, as a preacher of the gospel, deem it my duty to be unusually abstemious on such occasions; nevertheless, considering the peculiar circumstances under which I am placed this day, I think I will waive objections and take another small portion of the turkey."

"That's right, Elder—what part will you take now?"

"Well, I'm not particular; a small quantity of the breast, with a part of a leg and some of the stuffing, will be quite sufficient."

"Pass the cramberries to Elder Sniffles, Jeff—Elder, help yourself; wife, give the Elder some more o' the turnip sass and potater."

"Thank you, Mrs. Maguire. I am an advocate for a vegetable diet—and have always maintained that it is more congenial to individuals of sedentary habits and intellectual pursuits, like myself, than animal food."

"Jeff, my son, pass the bread. Sister Bedott, send your plate for some more o' the turkey."

"No, I'm obleeged to ye—I've had sufficient."

"Jeff, cut the chicken-pie."

"Sure enough—I almost forgot that I was to carve the pie. Aunt Silly, you'll take a piece of it, won't you?"

"Well, I don't care if I dew take a leetle mite on't. I'm a great favoryte o' chicken-pie—always thought 't was a delightful beverage—don't you, Elder Sniffles?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott—very, indeed; chicken-pie is truly a very desirable article of food."

"Allow me to help you to some of it, Elder."

"Thank you, my young friend; as I before remarked, I am entirely opposed to an immoderate indulgence of the appetite at *all* times, but particularly on thanksgiving occasions— and am myself *always* somewhat abstemious. However, I consider it my duty at the present time to depart, to some extent, from the usual simplicity of my diet. I will, therefore, comply with your request and partake of the chicken-pie."

"Take some more o' the cramberry sass, Elder; cramberries is hulsome."

"A very just remark, Mrs. Maguire—they are so; nevertheless, I maintain that we should not indulge too freely in even the most wholesome of creature comforts; however, since you desire it, I will take a small portion more of the cranberries."

"Husband, dew pass that pickled tongue—it hain't been touched—take some on't, Elder Sniffles."

"I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Maguire—but I confess I am somewhat fearful of taking articles of that description upon my stomach, as they create a degree of acidity which is incompatible with digestion. Is it not so, my young friend? You are undoubtedly prepared to decide, as you are, I believe, pursuing the study of the medical science."

"I think you are altogether mistaken, Elder Sniffles. We should always take a due proportion of acid with our food, in order to preserve the equilibrium of the internal economy, and produce that degree of effervescence which is necessary to a healthy secretion."

"Exactly. Your view of the subject is one which never struck me before; it seems a very just one. I will partake of the pickled tongue in consideration of your remarks."

"Take a slice on't it, Sister Bedott. You seem to need some tongue to-day—your oncommon still."

"What a musical man you be, brother Magwire! but it strikes me when an indiwiddiwal has an opportunity o' hearin' intellectible conversation they'd better keep still and improve it. Ain't it so, Elder Sniffles?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott; and one which has often occurred to my own mind."

"Take some more of the chicken-pie, Elder Sniffles."

"Excuse me, my young friend; I will take nothing more."

"What! you don't mean to give it up yet, I hope, Elder."

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, I assure you I would rather not take anything more; for, as I before remarked, I am decidedly opposed to excessive eating upon this day."

"Well, then, we'll have the pies and puddin's. Jeff, my son, fly round and help your mar change the plates. I'll take the puddin', Melissy—you may tend to the pies. Jeff, set on the cider. So here's a plum-puddin'—it looks nice—I guess you've had good-luck to-day, wife. Sister Bedott, you'll have some on't?"

"No; I'm obleeged to ye. I've got ruther of a headache to-day, and plum-puddin's rich. I guess I'll take a small piece o' the punkin-pie."

"Elder Sniffles, you'll be helped to some on't, of course?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, the practice of indulging in articles of this description after eating meat is esteemed highly pernicious, and I inwardly protest against it; furthermore, as Mrs. Bedott has very justly remarked, plum-pudding is rich—however, considering the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, I will for once overstep the boundaries which I have prescribed for myself."

"Am I to understand that you'll have some, or not?"

"I will partake, in consideration of the time and place."

"Jimmeni! wife, this is good puddin' as I ever eat."

"Elder Sniffles, will you take some o' the pie—here is a mince-pie and punkin-pie."

"I will take a portion of the pumpkin-pie, if you please, Mrs. Maguire, as I consider it highly nutritious; but, as regards the mince-pie, it is an article of food which I deem excessively delete-

rious to the constitution, inasmuch as it is composed of so great a variety of ingredients. I esteem it exceedingly difficult of digestion. Is it not so, my young friend?"

"By no means, Elder; quite the contrary—and the reason is obvious. Observe, Elder, it is cut into the most minute particles; hence it naturally follows, that being, as it were, completely calcined before it enters the system, it leaves, so to speak, no labor to be performed by the digestive organs, and it is disposed of without the slightest difficulty."

"Ah, indeed! your reasoning is quite new to me, yet I confess it to be most satisfactory and lucid. In consideration of its facility of digestion, I will partake also of the mince-pie."

"Wife, fill the Elder a glass o' cider."

"Desist! Mrs. Maguire, desist, I entreat you! I invariably set my face like a flint against the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

"Jimmeni! you don't mean to call new cider an intoxicatin' liquor, I hope. Why, man alive, it's jest made—hain't begun to work."

"Nevertheless, I believe it to be exceedingly insalubrious, and detrimental to the system. Is not that its nature, my young friend?"

"Far from it, Elder—far from it. Reflect a moment and you will readily perceive that, being the pure juice of the apple—wholly free from all alcoholic mixture—it possesses all the nutritive properties of the fruit, with the advantage of being in a more condensed form, which at once renders it much more agreeable, and facilitates assimilation."

"Very reasonable—very reasonable, indeed. Mrs. Maguire, you may fill my glass."

"Take another slice o' the puddin', Elder Sniffles."

"No more, I'm obliged to you, Mr. Maguire."

"Well, won't you be helped to some more o' the pie?"

"No more, I thank you, Mr. Maguire."

"But you'll take another glass o' cider, won't you?"

"In consideration of the nutritious properties of new cider, which your son has abundantly shown to exist, I will permit you to replenish my glass."

"So you won't take nothin' more, Elder?"

"Nothing more, my friends—nothing more whatsoever—for, as I have several times remarked during the repast, I am an individual of exceedingly abstemious habits—endeavoring to enforce by example that which I so strenuously enjoin by precept from the pulpit, to wit—temperance in all things."

Farmer John's Thanksgiving Day

By Isaac F. Eaton.

Thanksgiving Day came chill and bare,
The fields were brown, the trees were sere.
And snowflakes gathered in the air
Foretold the winter of the year.
But bright the fire, and full the bin,
Each thankful heart kept glad within.

But Farmer John, with darkened brow,
Felt not the gladness of the day;
Not to his hopes had sped the plow,
And cherished plans had gone astray.
The wished-for gain in crop and herd,
The blight and murrain had deferred.

And to his wife he murmuring said:
"You need not spread the feast for me;
Let others lift the thankful head
Who for their gifts can thankful be.
My neighbors can enjoy their feast
With herds and flocks and stores increased.

"Their every crop was full in ear,
    Their herds have gained in foal and fleece,
They weigh the balance of the year
    And laugh to count a rich increase.
For me, the months they come and go,
They find me poor, they leave me so."

And forth into the fields he went,
    Caring not where his steps might stray,
His every thought was discontent,
    His every word reproached the day.
"Let others offer thanks," he said,
"Whose paths with blossoms thick are spread."

He passed his neighbor's garnered store,
    With envy marked his thronging herds;
His neighbor met him at the door
    With bursting heart and sobbing words.
His darling boy, his pride, his all,
Lay white beneath the funeral pall.

A marble mansion rose in state,
    White-walled, amid its clustering trees.
A carriage stood before the gate
    With shining steeds and cushioned ease.
"He sure is blest," said Farmer John,
"For whom this luxury waits upon."

Within he saw the banquet spread,
    The board was set with rarest cheer,
The waiters stood at foot and head;
    He saw the owner then appear.
Weak and in pain, his servants bore
Their master from his carriage door.

Smote with his sin, he blushed in shame,
All base repinings now were still,
Content he turned the way he came,
Back to his own low cottage sill.
With joy beneath its porch he sees
His wife, and babes about her knees.

He kissed his wife, while tears he shed,
He clasped his babies to his breast:
"While I have strength and these," he said,
"More than my neighbors am I blessed.
Set forth the feast! God's gifts shall raise
My heart to Him in thankful praise."

Freedom's Thanksgiving Day

By T. C. Harbaugh.

Let Columbia's thankful anthem ring to-day from sea to sea,
For 'neath the sky in beauty waves the banner of the free;
Baptized in blood at Lexington, the nation calls it blest,
It droops not to a foreign foe, it owns no king's behest;
Its stars reflect new glory underneath the autumn sky,
Its wedded stripes of white and red wide to the breezes fly;
No more the crimson river rolls between the Blue and Gray,
And all the people celebrate the land's Thanksgiving day.

The harvest song still lingers where the golden waters run
Through far Dakota's acres to the seas of endless sun,
The cities teem with labor for the workman's eager hand,
Our granaries groan with richest store, no hunger in the land;
The cotter's little family on the rugged mountain side
Takes up the song of plenty till it echoes far and wide,
And we send across the billows as they ceaseless rise and fall
This message to the nations: "We have food enough for all!"

God smiles upon the nation that has set a people free,
We worship but at Freedom's shrine from surging sea to sea,
The boy who drives the cattle home across the mesa bare
Looks up with pride nor feels ashamed beside the rich man's heir;
Our navies ride the oceans with our starry flag unfurl'd,
Our traders bear their cargoes to the harbors of the world;
Aye, back to us from lands as fair and distant as Cathay
Come argosies that helped to crown this glad Thanksgiving day.

Old Glory proudly waves to-day o'er battlefields afar,
The foreign foe hath humbled been beneath the clouds of war;
Aye, every star that dots our flag upon the land and main
Recounts the story of the men who crushed the might of Spain;
No longer ride her boasted fleets, no longer flash their guns,
The seal of silence hath been placed on them by Freedom's sons:
With victory on our banners fair we grateful kneel and pray,
And thank the watchful Father for this proud Thanksgiving day.

There's plenty in the southland where in white the cotton blows,
There's plenty in the northland 'neath Katahdin's crest of snows,
The east has heard the reaper's song o'er countless fields of grain,
The golden corn has gathered been in many a western plain;
The winter has no terrors for the land we dearly love,
The skies that promise happy times are blue and bright above;
Our nation in its splendor can take up the glad refrain:
"O Father, Thou hast blessed us. Let Thanksgiving come again!"

O bells that tell the story of our country's rise to fame,
Ring out the paeans of glory 'neath the flag we love to name;
With plenty all around we can lift the joyful strain,
And the harvest song is echoed in the nation's heart again;
Let the benediction sweeping o'er the land from shore to shore
Shake the mountains with the chorus: "Praise the Lord forever-
more!
Praise our Father for His goodness, reaching far from sea to sea,
He has blessed us as a nation; He has made and kept us free!"

The First Thanksgiving

"And now," said the governor, gazing
Abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings
And covered the meadows o'er,
" 'Tis meet that we render praises
Because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest
Be thanked for His sun and rain.

"And, therefore, I, William Bradford
(By the grace of God, to-day,
And the franchise of this people),
Governor of Plymouth, say,
Through virtue of vested power,
Ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November
Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"So shoulder your match-locks, masters,
There is hunting of all degrees,
And, fishermen, take your tackle
And scour for spoil the seas.
And maidens and dames of Plymouth,
Your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving
And make it a feast of joy."

At length came the day appointed;
The snow had begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry
Rang merrily over all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth,
Who hastened with one accord
To listen to Elder Brewster,
As he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sat Governor Bradford,
Men, matrons, and maidens fair,
Miles Standish and all his soldiers
With corslet and sword were there,
And sobbing and tears and gladness
Had each in its turn the sway;
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish
O'ershadowed Thanksgiving day.

And when Massasoit, the sachem,
Sat down, with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches
Of gardens and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest,
With a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit
Loves His white children best."

"My Tumick's Got a Pain"

Fer Thanksgiving dinner we
Had the best you ever see—
Took no breakfast—not a bite—
Jes' saved up my appetite,
Till they filled my dinner-plate,
Nen I jes' sat down an' ate.

Turkey! Turkey! Such a lot!
An' purturnups, steamin' hot,
An' purtaters! stuffin', too!
Celery, an' ist a few
Lima beans, but they wuz grate,
An' I ate, an' ate, an' ate.

Ma ist gave me everything,
First a drumstick, nen a wing,
An' some dark meat, an' some light;
Pa he said it wasn't right;
But I was feeling just first-rate,
So I ate, an' ate, an' ate.

Nen we had plum-puddin', too;
Ma she said I'd have to do
Wif ist four slices—pa said, "My!
Hate to be you by-an'-bye!"
But 'at mince-pie ist wuz grate—
An' I ate, an' ate, an' ate.

Nen we had some nuts an' cake—
Seemed somehow I couldn't take
Very much, but ruther die,
An' not eat a lot, so I
Jes' sailed right in an' done first rate,
Ate, an' ate, an' ate, an' ate.

Nen, by-an'-bye I fell asleep,
First thing chased me was a sheep,
Nen a lion chased me, too;
An' a tiger says, "Say, you,
Guess I'll start in wif your feet,
Little boys is good to eat."

Nen a big black snake it came,
Said to me, "Say, what's your name?"
Told it "Tommy,"—snake said, "Oh!
Guess I'll eat you awful slow!"
Nen I cried a dreadful lot—
Snake said, "Eat you, cry or not!"

Nen I waked up an' I saw
There was ma an there was pa,
An' the doctor shook his head—
"Indegestum," doctor said;
"Get him all right soon again."
Oh, my tumick's got a pain!

Tit For Tat

By Laura F. Armitage.

"Turkey, how mad you grow!"
Said little Tommy Snow,
"You seem to think this place belongs to you.
You want no one about,
But you'll not drive me out,
My grandma owns this yard and owns you, too.

"You look so very proud,
And with a voice so loud,
You scold at me whene'er I come this way.
You needn't feel so grand,
We'll soon take you in hand,
For very soon will come Thanksgiving day."

And soon the day had come,
And at his grandma's home
The uncles, aunts, and cousins, all did meet.
Mr. Turkey was on hand,
No longer proud and grand,
But stuffed and roasted brown for them to eat.

Such puddings, pies, and cakes
No one but grandma makes,
And Tommy ate, and ate of every one.
But when 'twas time for bed
He had an aching head,
And this he did not think was any fun.

And when he closed his eyes,
He heard, to his surprise,
The sound of "gobble, gobble," near his bed.
And looking up, he spied
The turkey, big with pride,
With spreading wings, and angry, shaking head.

"Now, Tommy Snow," said he,
"You thought you'd eaten me,
But once you see, you thought what wasn't true.
My day at last is here,
Well have you cause to fear,
For soon a dinner fine I'll make of you."

Then Tommy gave loud cries,
And opening his eyes,
He saw his mother standing by his side.
"O mother," Tommy said,
"Where is he? Is he dead?
The turkey did not eat me, but he tried."

"Ah! Tommy, do not fear,
There is no turkey here,
You were but dreaming then," his mother said.
"And next Thanksgiving day,
Don't eat so much, I pray,
And then you'll not see turkeys round your bed."

A Child's Thanksgiving

By Kate Whiting Patch.

I thank Thee, Father in the skies,
For this dear home so warm and bright;
I thank Thee for the sunny days
And for the sleepy, starry night.

I thank Thee for my father's arms,
So big and strong to hold me near;
I thank Thee for my mother's face;
I thank Thee for my dolly dear.

I thank Thee for the little birds
That eat my crumbs upon the sill;
I thank Thee for the pretty snow
That's coming down so soft and still.

O Father, up there in the skies,
Hear me on this Thanksgiving Day,
And please read in my little heart
The "thank you's" I forget to say.

The Turkey of Life

By Wilbur Duntley.

Now it doesn't seem right to sing a song to make you all feel blue,
But, speaking of turkey and Thanksgiving-time, did it ever occur to you
That for years and years, as well as to-day, Dame Fortune has whetted her knife
To carve and distribute in unequal chunks the hot, steaming turkey of life?

Some folks are born with proverbial spoons, get all the white
meat from the breast—
When their jackets are stuffed with things that are good they don't
care a snap for the rest;
Some folks get the wings of joy and content, and soar with them
all of their life,
And some of them nibble and pick all their days at the bare
bone of trial and strife.

Dame Fortune is fickle and heartless and cold, she doesn't do the
job to suit us,
For the way she has dealt out the turkey of life has caused lots
of trouble and fuss;
Some are in luck if their Thanksgiving bird is beef-stew and
bread on the side,
And lots of us now are content with a pull at the "wish-bone" all
brittle and dried.

John White's Thanksgiving

"Thanksgiving!—for what?"—and he muttered a curse;
"For the plainest of food and an empty purse;
For a life of hard work and the shabbiest clothes;
But it's idle to talk of a poor man's woes!
Let the rich give thanks; it is they who can;
There is nothing in life for a laboring man."

So said John White to his good wife, Jane,
And o'er her face stole a look of pain.
"Nothing, dear John?" And he thought again,
Then glanced more kindly down on Jane.
"I was wrong," he said; "I'd forgotten you;
And I've my health, and the baby, too."

And the baby crowed—'twas a bouncing boy—
And o'er Jane's face came a look of joy;
And she kissed her John as he went away
And he said to himself as he worked that day:
"I was wrong, very wrong; I'll not grumble again,
I should surely be thankful for Baby and Jane."

The Thanksgiving Chicken

Come here, my darlin' dollie, my Mary Belle, my dear,
I've dot some'n the funnies' to whisper in your ear.
I couldn't tell nobody, my darlin', 'cep'in' you,
For mamma said not tell it; but she won't care for you,
Because you couldn't tell it not even if you wanted to,
For no one can understand your talk but your darlin' mamma true.
It's 'bout the very chicken we have for dinner to-day;
And, oh, my dear, it came about in the funniest sort of a way!
There was once a 'ittle chicken, not *near* as big as two eggs,
The pittiest 'ittle white chicky, with 'ittle yellow legs.
When the 'ittle sweety chicky was a tiny wee bit of a one,
It would come right froo the crack in the fence to play; and had lots of fun,
A-playin' with our chickies, and eatin' with 'em too.
And would you b'lieve, you could almost see it as it grew.
At night it went home to sleep under its mamma's wing.
But all the time, my dollie, it grew like anyfing!
So, once, Thanksgivin' day, the little chicky came
To play wiv our chickies, as every day the same.
The chickies had an extra dinner, that bright Thanksgivin' day;
So chick took dinner wiv ours in the very same way.
So they eat and eat and eat, and had the mos'est fun.
I'll tell you what, when the chicky went to go froo the crack for home
I heard the awf'lest squeelin', and I ran to see what 'twas about,
And there in the crack stuck chicky just half way in and out!

Straightway I went up to him—you ought to see him pick—
He was in 'at crack, I tell you, and oh, how he did stick.
So then I pushed him one way, and then I pulled him back,
And, dollie, I tell you the chicky come out on our side of the crack.
And so the little chicky couldn't get froo the fence again,
And it grew up with our chickens; and, Mary Belle, then, when
Thanksgivin' come round this time, my mamma says: "Why, that
Is the nicest chicken of 'em all; it's so pretty and fat."
So she told the cook to prepare that chicken for dinner to-day,
And, dolly, 'bout that chicky was just that very way.

Thanksgiving

By Edwin Markham.

I thank Thee, Father, for this sky,
Wherein Thy little sparrows fly;
For unseen hands that build and break
The cloud-pavilions for my sake,—
This fleeting beauty high and wild,
Toward which I wonder as a child.

I thank Thee for the strengthening hills,
That give bright spirit to the rills;
For blue peaks soaring up apart,
To send down music on the heart;
For treetops wavering soft and high,
Writing their peace against the sky;
For forest farings that have been;
For this fall rain that shuts me in,
Giving to my low little roof
The sense of home, secure, aloof.

And thanks for morning's stir and light,
And for the folding hush of night;
For those high deities that spread
The star-filled chasm overhead;
For elfin chemistries that yield
The green fires of the April field;
For all the foam and surge of bloom;
For leaves gone glorious to their doom,—
All the wild loveliness that can
Touch the immortal in a man.

Father of Life, I thank Thee, too,
For old acquaintance, near and true,—
For friends who came into my day
And took the loneliness away;
For faith that held on to the last;
For all sweet memories of the past,—
Dear memories of my dead that send
Long thoughts of life and of life's end,—
That make me know the light conceals
A deeper world that it reveals.

Tanksgibbin Turkey

By Jean Havez.

On de night befo' Tanks-gib-bin—Oh, I tells yo' things looked blue;
Dere was Mose an' me an' Bill an' John, an' ole Aunt Liza, too—
Since de day dat I was bo'n yo' see, we allus looked ahead
An' watched fo' dat ere turkey wif a putty comb so red.
But Mose an' Bill was out o' work, an' me an' John had spent
Mos' every nickel dat we had to pay th' shanty rent—
An' as we sat dere thin-kin, sah, th' tears waz in our eyes,
Dat turkey grew an' grew, sah, till it reached a monstrous size,

An' up spoke Mose—jus' wait fo' Sam, he'll fix th' matter right—
If he goes out fo' turkey, he'll fetch it sho to-night.
Den in come Sam, an' Mose spoke up: "We've got to hab sum game;
To-morrer is Tanks-gib-bin, we mus' preservate de name,
We ought to hab a turkey, an' we waited yer for you,
To see if yo' knowed any fing in dis world we could do."
Den Sam he grabbed de bigges' bag an' out de do' he went,
An' Mose said, "Whar's that niggah gone? why he ain' got a cent."
But putty soon we heard a noise an' Sam came trampin' in,
His eyes a kinder laffin and his face chuck full o' sin;
He dropped his bag an' looked aroun' an' den he closed de do',
An' out steps Mistah Turkey, an' he struts aroun' de flo'.
Well, we didn' ast no questions, an' ole Sam he didn' say
Jus' where he got dat turkey dat we ate Tanks-gib-bin Day.

The Gossip of the Nuts

Said the Shellbark to the Chestnut,
"Is it time to leave the burr?"
"I don't know," replied the Chestnut,
"There's Hazel Nut; ask her.
I don't care to pop my nose out
Till Jack Frost unlocks the door;
Besides, I'm in no hurry,
To increase the squirrel's store.
A telegram from Peanut says
That she is on the way,
And the Pecan Nuts are ripening
In Texas, so they say."
Just here the little Beech Nut,
In his three-cornered hat,
Remarked, in tiny, piping voice:
"I'm glad to hear of that,

For then my charming cousin,
So very much like me,
Miss Chinquapin, will come with them,
And so happy I shall be."
Then Butternut spoke up and said:
"'Twill not be long before
I'll have to move my quarters
To the farmer's garret floor;
With Hickory and Walnut
Good company I'll keep,
And there until Thanksgiving
Together we shall sleep."
Said the Shellbark: "I am tired
Of being cooped up here,
I want to go to see the world;
Pray, what is there to fear?
I'll stay up here no longer,
I'll just go pouncing down;
So, good-bye, Sister Chestnut,
We'll meet again in town."

Signs of the Times

By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Air a-gittin' cool an' coolah,
Frost a-comin' in de night,
Hicka nuts an' wa'nuts fallin',
Possum keepin' out ob sight;
Tu'key struttin' in de ba'nya'd—
Nary step so proud ez his,
Keep on struttin', Mistah Tu'key,
You do' know whut time it is.

Cidah press commence a-squeakin'
Eatin' apples sto'ed away,
Chillin swa'min' 'roun' lak ho'nets
Huntin' aigs among de hay.
Mistah Tu'key keep on gobblin'
At de geese a-flyin' souf.
Umph, dat bird do' know whut's comin';
Ef he did he'd shet his mouf.

Punkin gittin' good an' yallah
Make me open up my eyes;
Seems lak it's a-lookin' at me
Jes' a-la'in' der sayin' "pies."
Tu'key gobbler gwine 'roun' blowin',
Gwine 'roun' gibbin' his sass an' slack;
Keep on talkin', Mistah Tu'key,
You ain't seed no almanac.

Fa'mer walkin' throo de barnyard,
Seein' how t'ings is comin' on,
Sees ef all de fowls is fatt'nin'—
Good times comin' sho's you bo'n.
Heah's dat tu'key gobbler braggin',
Den his face break in a smile—
Nebbah min', you sassy rascal,
He's gwine nab you atter while.

Choppin' suet in de kitchen,
Stonin' raisins in de hall,
Beef a-cookin' fo' de mince-meat,
Spices groun'—I smell 'em all.
Look heah, Tu'key, stop dat gobblin'
You ain't larned de sense ob feah;
You ol' fool, yo' naik's in danjah,
Do you know Thanksgibin's heah?

The Night Before Thanksgiving

By Eva Lovett Carson.

'Twas the night before Thanksgiving,
And the turkeys that were living
Sat a-mourning in the hen-house for the turkeys that lay dead;
For the dawning of the morrow,
That to them brought only sorrow,
To the inmates of the farm-house brought a jolly time instead.

There was Billy and his brother,
His four sisters and his mother,
And his father, who's the master, although we place him last;
And his aunts, and all his cousins,
By the dozens and the dozens,
Come to eat Thanksgiving dinner, as they'd come Thanksgivings past.

There was running to and fro, then,
All the folks were on the go, then,
And they turned out cakes and puddings, and pies, too, by the score;
For when uncles, aunts and cousins,
By the dozens and the dozens,
Come to dine, you always find you wish you'd made a little more.

While Thanksgiving Eve was dying,
While the turkeys sat a-crying,
Little Billy stole through pantries to gaze at goodies rare;
Where the rows of tempting dishes,
Made to suit all kinds of wishes,
And the sauces, jams and jellies gave a fragrance to the air.

Billy stood with mouth wide open,
Though a word he had not spoken,
But his sighs of satisfaction were as eloquent as speech;
And he crept a little nearer,
As to see a little clearer,
And with grimy finger lifted he began to sample each.

Jam, cakes and pies he rifled;
With the jellies, too, he trifled;
Of the custards and the sauces he took such a taste to try,
But a sudden stopped, espying,
On the shelf above him lying,
A larger dish, close covered against his prying eye.

'Twas the queen of all the dinner!
Billy wished that he felt thinner,
As he gazed on the plum pudding, in its beauty and its pride.
And he whispered, "Now, I wonder,
If a little bit from under
Would be ever missed—a tiny bit from off the under side!"

But one piece led to another,
It was strange he didn't smother,
As he filled himself with pudding in a most amazing way;
Till he feebly muttered: "Dear me!
It's queer they didn't hear me;
But I think perhaps I've had enough—until Thanksgiving Day!"

But, alas! when dawn was breaking,
Little Billy lay a-quaking,
For the jams, and cakes, and jellies had been haunting him in dreams;
And the pudding had been dancing,
And retreating and advancing,
In a way that isn't nearly half so funny as it seems!

Well, to make the story shorter,
When his mother brought cold water,
And bathed her darling's face and hands, and gave him bitter stuff,
He said, weeping, "Ah, I see how
Much better it would be, now,
When you're eating pudding, not to try to eat more than enough."

And when all the aunts and cousins,
By the dozens and the dozens,
Met to eat Thanksgiving dinner, little Billy lay abed—
Lay and thought, in bitter sorrow,
That the dawning of this morrow,
That should bring a glorious dinner, brought a dose of oil instead.

And while Billy lay a-groaning,
All the turkeys stopped their moaning,
For they said, "This gleam of comfort has come to soothe our moans.
That detestible young Billy,
Who has chased us, called us silly,
Will never get a chance to gloat o'er our relations' bones!"

A Thanksgiving Wooing

By Minna Irving.

The frost was on the cottage pane,
The skies were gray and chill;
But with a trembling hand she smoothed
Her kerchief's dainty frill.
For then she saw the youthful squire
Dismounting in the snow,
In velvet coat and buckled shoes,
Thanksgiving long ago.

While with her wrinkled sire he talked
Of weather and of wheat,
His ear was ever strained to catch
The music of her feet.
Her dimpled arms were deep in flour,
Her rounded cheeks aglow;—
Her father slept;—he stole a kiss,
Thanksgiving long ago.

His stately mother and her guests
Were waiting at the Hall
Before the feast in silver served;
But he forgot them all,
And at the farmer's humble board,
With curly head bent low,
He called a courtly blessing down,
Thanksgiving long ago.

Clear rose the moon above the woods
And twilight veiled the farm;
But still he lingered at the gate,
The bridle on his arm.
"Oh, bake and brew for me alone,
Be mine for weal or woe;—
I love you, dear," he softly said,
Thanksgiving long ago.

In yonder carven frame she stands,
In pearls and blue brocade;
And still tradition fondly keeps
The pumpkin pies she made,
And tells again the story sweet,
When granaries overflow,—
Of how the squire a-wooing went,
Thanksgiving long ago.

Thank the Creator, Not the Created

A little boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst:
Then gracefully he touched his cap,—
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me!"
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the Pump, "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank,—
I only help the water run."
"O, then," the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be,)
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks;
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me;
Far up the hill-side lives the Spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bow'd his head.
"O, don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring with silvery accents said,—

"O, don't thank me; for what am I
Without the dew and summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"O, well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
"Pray, don't thank us; without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop!" said the Sun, with blushing face;
"My little fellow, don't thank me:
'Twas from the ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"O, Ocean, thanks, then!" said the boy;
It echo'd back, "Not unto me,—

"Not unto me; but unto Him
Who form'd the depths in which I lie;
Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap, and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued,
"O God, I thank Thee for this gift;
Thou art the Giver of all good."

His Riches

By Lillian Grey.

" 'Tis a poor Thanksgiving," said Farmer Jack;
"For the crops have failed and my pet horse died.
My heart's too bitter for thankfulness;
There is nothing but trouble and loss!" he cried.
"Oh, no!" said Mary, his cheerful wife;
"You have me and the children left beside!"

A smile swept over the husband's face;
"We will keep the feast; there shall be no lack.
The Lord forgive my hasty words!
Forget them, Mary, I take them back.
Since you and the children my riches are,
I'm a millionaire!" said Farmer Jack.

A Country Thanksgiving

Harvest is home. The bins are full,
The barns are running o'er;
Both grains and fruits we've garnered in
Till we've no space for more.
We've worked and toiled through heat and cold,
To plant, to sow, to reap;
And now for all this bounteous store
Let us Thanksgiving keep.

The nuts have ripened on the trees,
The golden pumpkins round
Have yielded to our industry
Their wealth from out the ground.
The cattle lowing in the fields,
The horses in their stalls,
The sheep and fowls all gave increase
Until our very walls
Are bending out with God's good gifts.
And now the day is here
When we should show the Giver that
We hold these mercies dear.

We take our lives, our joys, our wealth,
Unthanking every day;
If we deserve or we do not,
The sun it shines alway.
So in this life of daily toil,
That leaves short time to pray,
With brimming hearts let's humbly keep
One true Thanksgiving Day.

And if there be some sorrowing ones,
Less favored than we are,
A generous gift to them, I think,
Is just as good as prayer.

Give Thanks

By Doane Robinson.

The drouth hez burned the corn up but there hain't been any flood—
Give thanks.
The frost hez ketched the fodder, but it's soddered up the mud—
Give thanks.

The hosses died with murrain an' the hail hez tuck the wheat,
But their value wouldn't winter 'em, ner tuck the grain to mill,
An' we've got enough provender fer all the folk to eat,
An' there's tol'able fair walkin' out along the pike-road still—
Give thanks.

We are ruther short fer firewood, but the weather doctor he
Is a-stavin' off the winter, an' the 'commodatin' banks
Each hez tuck a chattel morgige fer the interust thet we
Wuz compelled to stand 'em off fer, an' fer that we're givin' thanks—
Give thanks.

We hev done the best we knowed how, an' our consciences are clear,
We can sing instead of cryin' an' yit can shed a tear
Fer the poor destrestful critters thet are rasslin' with the cuss
Of trouble an' misfortunes which the Lord hez kep' from us—
Give thanks, give thanks.

Tommy's Dinner

By George Cooper.

Wee Tommy sat down to his holiday dinner;
You saw by degrees that he didn't grow thinner.
The dishes before him grew lighter and lighter,
The buttons behind him pulled tighter and tighter;
Yet there at his ease he was gloriously munching—
A sight for the hungry to look at him lunching!

Pumpkin pies as yellow as gold—
Melting lusciousness untold!
Puddings, pickles, sauces various.
These to tender lads precarious!
Last of all—by no means least—
Crowning all the jolly feast,
Making all the air quite murky,
Smoked the plump and light brown turkey.

The dinner is finished, and Tommy now tries
To jump from the table—he cannot arise!
He really has grown such a wonderful size!
The viands are smoking right under his nose,
And somehow, he falls in a sort of a doze.

"Rat, tat, tat! upon the door,
In come turkeys three and four,
Then, in pairs, a hundred more!
Gobbling, strutting up and down,
The *elite* of Turkey town!
Round the room they take their places
With the most imposing faces.
Shouts a gobbler ('tis their leader)—
By his paunch a splendid feeder—
"Tell us what the present case is!"

A dapper little biped rose and spoke an hour or so;
I'm not about to tell you all the fellow said, you know;
But this is in a nutshell what his speech amounted to—
It made poor Tommy's cheeks turn white, it made his nose turn blue:

"First and foremost, fellow fowls,
Look at yonder urchin's jowls.
See! the best blood of our race
There has found a dwelling place.
Lo! our monarch on the plate—
Mark his stern and awful fate!
Turkeys, pause and contemplate.
Here we catch a tyrant napping,
Let us give him now a rapping!"

That noisy, fierce, avenging band,
Trussed poor Tommy, foot and hand!
As many gobblers as were able
Took knives and forks from off the table.
They put him on a monstrous platter—
There never was a turkey fatter!
Around the board they range in line,
And only wait a given sign.
The carver stands before the victim,
But just before the turkey nicked him—

Wee Tommy wakened with a scream
And found it all a funny dream!
Made, we think, beyond all question,
By a touch of indigestion.

Thanksgiving, Then and Now

By M. Alfredda Shirley.

Characters: { Sadie, Lillie, Sidney, Frank.

Scene.—*A Room.* Sadie *and* Lillie *discovered.*

Sadie. Oh, Lillie! just think! To-morrow [*next week or any other date, can be substituted*] is Thanksgiving Day. I'm so glad it is almost here. We're going to have a houseful of company, and lots of fun.

Lillie. So are we; but we mustn't forget what is meant by Thanksgiving Day. I suppose we all have something to be thankful for.

Sadie. I have. Papa has promised me a new dress, and mamma bought me the loveliest new hat yesterday.

[*Enter* Sidney *and* Frank.]

Sidney That sounds just like a girl, always talking about some finery to wear. I am thankful that we're going to have a few days of vacation. I'm going into the woods and hunt squirrels and gather nuts and have a jolly time. What are you thankful for, Frank?

Frank. I'm thankful that I live in the twentieth century instead of the seventeenth, that I am right here in the United States and didn't have to spend sixty-three days crossing a stormy ocean to get here, and that I don't have to warm my toes by a fire built on the snow, and keep one eye glancing over my shoulder all the time to see if there's a redskin anywhere around taking me for a target.

Sidney. Oh, pshaw! I'd like to have been there. I'd have left such timid fellows as you snuggled in the cabin of the May-

flower, and I'd have gone to help find a place for a settlement. I'd like to have been the first one to jump ashore.

FRANK. Suppose your clothes had been frozen so stiff you couldn't jump? It must have been like wearing a coat of mail made of ice instead of steel.

SIDNEY. Well, I'd have made the best of it, anyway. I think it must have been fine to have lived in those days.

SADIE. Oh, Sidney! think of venturing just outside the door and seeing an Indian peeping at you from behind a tree. Ugh! I'd want to run inside the house and hide.

SIDNEY. Of course, you would. That's just like a girl.

FRANK. Guess if you'd been there you wouldn't have thought it such fun.

SIDNEY [*indignantly*]. What if an Indian did peek at me. Two could play at that game. Couldn't I peek at him, too? And if he came too near, I'd have given him a dose out of the package Governor Bradford sent to old Canonicus. I guess he'd have dodged quick enough. Besides, the Indians got scared and ran away from the white men at first, so I guess there wasn't much danger.

SADIE. Perhaps the worst of the sufferings of the Puritans were from cold and want of food. At one time, you know, they had to divide up their little store of corn, so that each had only five grains for a meal.

LILLIE. Sadie knows all about it. She never misses in history. I do believe she could say a whole chapter forward or backward, or begin in the middle and recite both ways.

SIDNEY. That again is because she's a girl. Boys don't learn their lessons that way.

FRANK. But how do you think you'd like living on such small rations?

SIDNEY. I don't suppose I would have liked that part of it very much, but they made up for it with their plum-puddings and pumpkin-pies when they did get things to eat. That's what they started Thanksgiving for. Wasn't it?

LILLIE. O Sidney, they started Thanksgiving, as you call it,

because, after being in danger of starving, God rewarded the hard work they had done in the fields by giving them a bountiful harvest; but the question that puzzles me is what could they do for food in the winter, and while the things were growing.

SIDNEY. Just what I'm going to do to-morrow. Go and hunt for it. They could go fishing too.

SADIE. But part of the time it was so dreadfully cold.

SIDNEY. Well, I'd have gotten on the right side of Massasoit. He was a friendly old savage, you know. I'd have shaken hands with him and traded an old jack-knife for a bear-skin. What was the use of freezing when the Indians had plenty of furs?

FRANK. Oh, Sid, you're a smart fellow. Why don't you go West and fight the Indians now? They have disturbances out there every once in awhile, and there's the Filipinos and lots of new proteges to watch. It may be there's a chance for you yet to show how much you can do.

SIDNEY. Oh, thank you, this side of the country is good enough for me. After all, those chaps who came over in the Mayflower didn't have the chance to get an education that we have.

LILLIE. It was eighteen years after they came that Harvard College was opened. Harvard, you know, was the first college built in America. The boys must have grown to men by that time.

FRANK. That was 1638. Whew! the old school is almost 270 years old. Well, while they didn't have any schools the boys had a rest for a while. They didn't have to cram their craniums full of all kinds of "ologies."

SIDNEY. I guess they were too busy chopping wood, I mean felling trees, to go to school or anywhere else, except to the meeting-house on Sunday.

FRANK. It must have been fun to ride there in that queer old sleigh Deacon Jones made. It was rigged up in such a comical way that everybody laughed. He used the tackling of his boat for a harness, and they say to this day there are people who call "harness" "tackling," but many of them don't know the reason why. He took a big load of folks to meeting every Sunday morning. I think I would have enjoyed that myself.

SADIE. But when you think of the elegant buildings we have, the hundreds of nice school-houses, the cities, and railroads, the big stores, and all the lovely things in them, don't you think it is better to live in these times?

LILLIE. Yes, and best of all, we have the same One to care for us who took care of the Puritans. I think we all have a great deal to thank Him for.

SIDNEY. Guess you're right. We needn't forget it if we do go hunting. Come on, Frank, let's get things ready for to-morrow. [*Exit* SIDNEY *and* FRANK.]

SADIE. And we'll go home and help get ready too.

[CURTAIN.]

Thanksgiving Song for Little Folks

BY WM. HOWARD MONTGOMERY.

In safe and restful keeping,
Beneath the autumn sun,
The fields to-day are sleeping,
For harvest-work is done.

The blossoms all are dying,
Touched by a chilly hand,
The birds are southward flying,
To find a warmer land.

But neither care nor sadness
Can mar our song's refrain;
Each heart exults with gladness,
The spring must come again.

The gloomy clouds are breaking,
And drifting far away;
God's peace and love are making
A glad Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving in Old Virginia

By John P. Bocock.

Old black mammy has a 'possum on to bake
With sweet potatoes, sweeter than a maple-sugar cake;
And her pickaninny's gone, by the light of the moon,
With his yellow-bellied puppy to tree a fat coon.

The coon lies a-grinning in the hollow of a gum
That the yellow-hammer uses for his morning drum;
While the gray squirrel chuckles, in high old glee,
At the hickory-nuts a-raining from the hickory-nut tree.

The gray owl shivers on a dead oak limb
And blinks in the sunshine, mellow and dim;
While molly-cotton rabbit gives a half a dozen hops,
And hears her heart beating, of a sudden, and stops.

The air is so fine and so soft and so clear,
That the fences seem far and the mountains seem near;
Till the partridges fly to the fences and 'light,
And call out a song about "Old Bob White!"

"Old Bob White, are your crops all right?
Is there wheat beneath the barn for the first cold night?
The guinea-hens and turkeys find its shelter mighty warm;
We'll gather in among 'em when there comes a storm."

The wild turkey's calling from the far hillside;
The foxhounds are baying on the long divide;
There's a fat pig squealing, for life is sweet—
But not much sweeter than his sausage meat!

"Makin' Things A-Purpose To Be Et."

By George R. Horton.

Directions for Reciting by Mae R. Perkins.

I tell you they's strange things doin'
In our kitchen these here days;
[*Nod head on "I tell you"; sway head to right and left as if saying, "yes, sir'ee, you just ought to see"; eyes wide open.*]
Ma's a-fussin' and a-stewin',
An' a-runnin' forty ways
[*Give expression of confusion; bring hands up and make descending gesture on "forty."*]
To oncet, a'most, an' you jes' bet
She's makin' things a-purpose to be et.
[*Face shows the pleasure you take in eating the good things ma makes.*]
Now las' night I heard her choppin';
So I went out jes' to see
[*Face expresses a little wonderment; bend head as if listening; extend hand in direction of noise.*]
What wuz doin'. Never stoppin',
She sez, "Boy, don't bother me."
[*Shake head; imitate mother on "boy, don't bother me."*]
But, gee! I seen, an' you jes' bet
She's makin' things a-purpose to be et.
[*Stand very erect; open eyes wide on "gee"; shake head on "an' you jes' bet."*]
She was stirrin' an' a-mixin'
[*Give in little more positive manner and with increased joy in anticipation of dinner.*]
Apples, meat an' raisins, too;
"Ma, what is it you'r a-fixin'?"
[*Face full of joy; go through motion of mixing and stirring.*]

I asked. "Mince-meat," she sez, whew!
Say, ma's all right, an' you jes' bet
She's makin' things a-purpose to be et.
Wish ma hadn't caught me tastin'

[*Ask in inquiring manner as a boy would do. Give "mince-meat" as the mother said it, as she would say it while she is busy working around table and stove. Give "whew," as if you could smell the good things now. Give "ma's all right" as if saying "indeed she is." Give rest of stanza as if saying, "you ought to taste them, I just can't keep my fingers out."*]

Of the citron on th' plate;
Gee! she don't believe in wastin'

[*Step back as if ashamed and sorry.*]

Any time! She didn't wait—
But ma's all right, an' you jes' bet

[*Step forward and give as if saying, "she didn't leave any on the plate, anyway. I don't think she ought to be so cross, a boy wants a little taste." If you are good at imitating, you can show how the mother slapped him or pushed him away from table on "she didn't wait— "*]

She's makin' things a-purpose to be et.
"Pa," sez I, "that gobbler's struttin'

[*Give in more forgiving manner as if saying "she's all right, any way, for if it wasn't for ma I wouldn't get all these good things to eat."*]

'S tho' he owned the farm and all."
"Boy,' he sez, "the dash he's cuttin'

[*Point to gobbler and look at pa.*]

Is the pride that marks his fall.
Ma'll find him, an' you jes' bet

[*Nod head and give in little heavier voice as if trying to imitate pa and in a tone that says it is conceit and pride that often makes us fall.*]

She's makin' things a-purpose to be et."
He'll look fine chuck full o' stuffin'

[*Give in a manner that says "that's the end of him."*]

Cracklin', roasted good an' brown,
Ma'll fill him till he's puffin'—

[*Give as if you could see gobbler laid out on kitchen-table, stuffed ready for oven.*]

Gee! I'll get all I can down;

[*Give as if saying "ma knows just how to fix him."*]

For ma's all right, an' you jes' bet
She's makin' things a-purpose to be et.
I should think they'd have Thanksgivin'

[*Place left hand upon chest near throat as if you could taste it going down.*]

Oftener 'n onct a year;
Then there'd be great joy in livin';

[*Step more towards audience and give in tone that says, "wouldn't you think they'd have Thanksgiving oftener"; face and head says "now, wouldn't you?"*]

P'r'aps it's 'cause Christmas's near—

[*In affirmative manner.*]

Ma's busy then, an' you jes' bet

[*As if saying "oh, I know."*]

She's makin' things a-purpose to be et.

[*As if saying, "ma works just the same then." Rub stomach as if saying, "oh, it's so good." Exit, rubbing stomach. Face shows extreme satisfaction that your mother's cooking is all right.*]

Around Thanksgiving Time

Snappy nights an' mawnin's,
  Tendah, yaller noons,
Jes' de time fer huntin'
  Hick'ry-nuts an' coons.
Talk erbout yo' summah,
Autumn is de hummah,
  Sets yo' blood er dancin',
  An' yo' feet er prancin',
Jes' fer fun o' livin'
  These yer nights an' noons,

When de hull creation's
  Singin' harvest tunes!
Blue de sky above yo',
  Red de maple leaves;
Nigger crows er callin'
  Down among de sheaves.
Talk erbout yo' paintin'
Nature knows it ain't in
  Any secret colah,
  'Cept ter make it dullah,
Beside huh maple leaves,
  When befoh de frost king,
Summah sets an' grieves!
Cabin smoke er curlin'—
  Fried-cakes in de air,
Smellin' hot an' crispy
  A'most everywhere.
Talk erbout yo' eatin',
Autumn gives de greetin',
  Ahead of every season,
  For de bestest reason.
Things is growed an' gathered,
  Cookin's in de air,
Settin' hungry fellahs
  Looking fer a share!

Thankful Frog and Unthankful Cat

There was an old cat who lived in a house, and a young frog who lived in a little pond near the rain-barrel. The house-cat had a bad temper, but the frog was very cheerful. One day as the frog hopped past the cat, he was singing a little tune:

"I'm so thankful the sun is a-shinin',
My honey, my honey,
I'm so glad my coat's got a linin',
My honey."

"Always singing some foolish tune," the old cat snarled.

The next day was rainy; the old frog came along again hippity-hop-hippity-hop. He was singing the same little tune and these words:

"I'm so thankful de rain is a-pourin',
My honey, my honey.
For it's just de day to have a scourin',
My honey."

"Easy to please," the old cat snarled.

"Ain't it a fine day!" said the frog, puffing his throat.

"Go 'way!" said the cat. "You are a fresh thing."

So the frog hopped off, humming as he went:

"Golly, but I'm glad to-day is Sunday,
My honey, my honey,
For dere's possum to-day and pork Monday,
My honey."

The frog sang so many of these little songs that the old cat said to him spitefully one evening, as he passed near her in his hopping:

"Is there anything *more* you have to be thankful for?"

"My land, yes!" said the frog, "a heap o' things! I ain't got right well started yet. You ain't really heard me sing yet, Sister Cat!" Then he started off, always with the same little tune:

"I'm so thankful de wind is blowin',
My honey, my honey.
For by and by dere's gwine ter be snowing',
My honey.
I'm so thankful de ole crow's gone,
My honey, my honey;
Dat stole de corn from Master's barn,
My honey.
I'm so thankful de hips and de haws
Is gettin' ripe fer de pies and de daws.
I'm just as glad as I kin be
Dat dey're cuttin' down de rosin tree.
I'm so glad it's warm in de house,

It's good for de folks and good for de mouse.
I'm so glad it's cool in de pond,
Dat de woods is yonder and de sky beyond."

"Oh, stop!" said the cat, spitefully. But the frog did not hear. He had swung fully into the gait of his singing now and he could hear nothing but the sound of his own voice.

Finally the cat turned over and went to sleep "on her head." But the frog went right on. "And they *do* say dat he just sot thar an' just fa'rly *busted* hisself singin' de whole night long."

In the morning the cat opened one eye and said again more spitefully than ever:

"Anything *more* you're thankful for, Brother Frog?"

The frog scratched his head. Of course, he had not named nearly all the things, but you see his voice was giving out. His high fine tenor sounded now like a cracked bass. Still, he scratched his head quite thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said, hoarsely, "I'm thankful, Sister Cat, I'm thankful that I'm thankful!"

And they *do* say dat all de other frogs dey got to sayin' de same thing and dat dey just kep' on a sayin' it and dat dey's a-sayin' it yet!

Thanksgiving Acrostic

By Susan M. Best.

T is for turkey the biggest in town,
H is for Hattie who baked it so brown,
A is for apples the best we could find,
N is for nuts that we eat when we've dined,
K is for kisses for those we love best,
S is for salad we serve to each guest,
G is for gravy that every one takes,
I is for ice cream that comes with the cakes,
V is for verses on peppermint drops,
I 's for inquiries when any one stops,
N 's for the way that we nibble our cheese,
G is for grace when we're done with all these.

Thanksgiving Toasts

"The Two National Fowls of America."—The Federal Eagle and the Festal Turkey—May we always have peace under the wings of the one, and be able to obtain a piece from the breast of the other!

"Thanksgiving."—Reunion Day, and a welcome to the wanderers who have come back to join the Old Family Group.

"Our Opinion on the 'Eastern Question.'"—We agree with Russia, that Turkey ought to be "gobbled."

"The Puritan Fathers."—They squelched mince-pie and plum-pudding, but they introduced pumpkin-pie as a succedaneum.

"The Yankee Girls."—Young May flowers, of the old "Mayflower" stock.

"The Health of our Venerable Host."—Although an American sovereign, he is one of the best grand seniors that ever presided over turkey.

"Thanksgiving."—The magnetic festival that draws back erratic wanderers to the Old Folks at Home.

"The Thanksgiving Board."—While it groans with plenty within, who cares for the whistling of the wind without?

The Pastimes of Thanksgiving, and the Present Times in which we enjoy them.

"Thanksgiving."—The religious and social festival that converts every family mansion into a family meeting-house.

"The Great American Birds."—May we have them where we love them best—the Turkeys on our tables, the Eagles in our pockets.

Here's to the day when first the Yankees
Acknowledged Heaven's good gifts with Thank'ees.

PART VI

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Plays, Exercises, Songs, etc.

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PART VI

A Thanksgiving Dream

By Marco Morrow *and* George Daugherty.

Characters.

Serena, Queen of all Fairies.
Tommy Unthanke, A little boy who grumbles.
Dr. Jollie Smyle, Physician to the Queen.
Longworth De Lay, Chief of Serena's messenger service.
Eight Flower Sprites, Represented by 8 little girls.
Eight Star Sprites, Represented by 8 little boys.
Six Imps of the Nightmare, Represented by 6 little boys.

Note.—Same boys may be used for Star Sprites and Imps with change of costume.

Costumes.

Serena—White, with crown and garlanded sceptre.
Tommy Unthanke—Boy of the period.
Dr. Jollie Smyle—Knee-trousers, swallow-tail coat, high hat, spectacles, pill-bags.
De Lay—May wear messenger boy's uniform; carries immense book, strapped to side.
Imps—Dressed entirely in red.
Flower Sprites—Should be appropriately attired to show what flower each represents.
Star Sprites—A five-pointed gilt star to fit over face; can be easily made. A tiny bell should be sewed to points of stars.

Scene.—*Family sitting-room, with books, lamps, etc.* Tommy *discovered seated at centre-table.*

Tommy. Thanksgiving Day! I'd just like to know what I've got to be thankful for? I s'pose I ought to be glad that I'm alive, but what's the use? Everybody says boys are a nuisance an' I guess they are. Nobody wants me about; I'm always in somebody's way. Can't even lie in bed mornings 'thout being rousted out. An' then I have to eat my breakfast an' hurry off to school. If I want to stop a minute, they say, "No, no, run along or you'll be late." They all think there's time enough when they want me to go on an errand, or take a note to Flo's young man.

That young man of hers is 'most as big a nuisance as she is! Can't go any place 'bout th' house 'thout stumbling onto them, an' then Flo smiles an' says: "Tommy, didn't mother call you just now?" That smile's for his benefit. If he could see the way

she shakes me the next morning an' says: "Hereafter, young man, you keep out of the way!" He wouldn't think she is all honey. I do wish that fellow would marry her an' get her out of the way.

But I guess if it wasn't her, somethin' else would be raising trouble. Everything goes wrong. A fellow can't play ball 'thout smashin' a window, an' then the man comes out an' ketches you an' licks you; an' then the other fellow licks you 'cause the man kept his ball; an' then the teacher hears about it an' licks you for playin' ball on the street; an' some tattle-tale has to go an' tell your father an' he licks you 'cause you got a lickin' at school. An' that's the way it goes—always somethin' wrong.

In summer-time you stub your toes an' have stone-bruises; in winter you freeze your ears an' have chilblains. You can't go fishin' for fear you'll fall in, an' you can't go swimmin' 'cause you can't swim. I'd like to know how a fellow's goin' to learn?

They don't want a man to learn anything, only what he gets at school, an' I'd just like to know what good that's goin' to do a fellow! What do I care about astronomy or botany? Do you suppose when I get to be the pitcher of a crack baseball nine, anybody's goin' to ask me how many millions o' miles it is to Jupiter? Do you suppose I'll care whether the caryophyllacea has six or sixty petals? Not much! I needn't do anything but play ball. Now I can't even get a quarter to see a game; have to peep through a knothole!

So I don't see what I have to be thankful for, though I s'pose I ought to be glad of that good dinner I just had; but when there's so very many good things it makes a fellow feel bad to think how very little one person can eat. Then after he eats that little, [*sighs*] if he feels as bad as I do, he wishes he hadn't. Oh, dear, [*yawns*] I'm—kind—o'—sleep—y. [*Sleeps, with head on table.*]

[*Enter* SERENA, *the fairy queen.*]

SERENA. So this is Tommy Unthanke. His case needs immediate attention. Let me see, what are the particulars? [*Claps hands. Enter* LONG. DE LAY.]

DE LAY [*bowing*]. Madam, at your service.

SERENA. You will oblige me by dropping the "Madam," and in the future you will address me as "Your Highness."

DE LAY. Oh, so you are my new mistress, are you?

SERENA. Yes, I am no ordinary fairy. I am your newly crowned Queen. This is the first time I have had occasion to require your services, so you will please inform me who and what you are.

DE LAY [*sings*]. Who and What Are You?

I'm the swift little sprite,
Who with footsteps so light,
Awaits on Your Highness's pleasure;
I am always around
When the signal you sound;
I'm anxious to be called your treasure.

These fairies of yours,
Who live out-of-doors,
Must be watched with the greatest attention;
But this I must do,
And other things, too,
Which now are too numerous to mention.

[*Speaks.*] Indeed, I don't know how I should do it were it not—

[*Sings.*] For this wonderful book,
Where I've but to look,
To ascertain all you would know. You know,
Whatever is here,
No matter how queer,
I'm sure is undoubtedly so—that's so!

[*Speaks.*] When I was mortal my name was Longworth De Lay, but they always called me *Long* for *short*. I was a messenger boy and people said my name, Long De Lay, was most appropriate.

SERENA. I am of the opinion that it was. But tell me, how came you to be a sprite?

DE LAY. Oh, I was always complaining about the hard work I had to do, and on Thanksgiving Day, a year ago, when I had so many places to go to, I said that I wished I had a pair of wings, and the first thing I knew I had them. [*To audience.*] They are invisible, but I can fly with them just the same. But when the wings came, they seemed to be stronger than I was and took me to fairyland, where I have ever since attended the Queen as Chief of her Department of Information.

SERENA. Well, this is really interesting. But I am forgetting about Tommy Unthanke. Please refer to that wonderful book of yours and tell me what you know of him.

DE LAY [*opening book*]. Unthanke? Unthanke? Let me see. U-u-un-under—here it is—Unthanke, Tommy Unthanke, who lives at 1104 Grumble Street. Why, of course I know Tommy.

There isn't a greater grumbler on the whole street. He grumbles all the time. Sometimes he has his mother wake him up at night to grumble. Nothing ever goes right with him. He has kind parents and a pleasant home, as nice as this—why, dear me, this is the place and here is Tommy himself!

SERENA. Yes, this is Tommy, and a sad time he is having of it. Just before I came in he was grumbling about his dinner. Now tell me what Tommy *did* eat.

DE LAY. Allow me to consult my reference book. Ah, here it is!

[*Reads from book, slowly at first, but gradually faster and very rapidly at the close.*]

"Know all fairies by these presents that the following is a true bill and account of the dinner eaten this day by one Tommy Unthanke, of 1104 Grumble Street, notwithstanding the fact that there are so many poor children, half-starved, in the streets of the city. Here are the items:

"The drum-bone of a turkey and the gizzard and the wings,
A bit of turkey-dressing, served with several other things,
Potatoes and asparagus and green corn on the cob,
And oyster soup, and oysters fried, and deviled crabs and lobSters, with a great variety of different kinds of fish,
And luscious sweet potatoes baked as brown as one could wish.
Of course, a plate of gravy, and some butter, and some bread—"

SERENA [*interrupting*]. Well, I should say that Tommy is unusually well-fed.

DE LAY. You would? Why! I have just begun the list of what he ate.

Altho' I can't enumerate all that was on his plate—
The sauces and the puddings, and the different kinds of pie—
I really don't believe I could pronounce them if I'd try;
And, besides, Your Royal Highness, I submit it's hardly fair,
That a fellow without dinner should read of the good things there—
Of the cake and pies and turkey that this Tommy Unthanke had,
While I've dined on fairy blossoms—I submit it is too bad!

SERENA. What's the matter? Are you hungry? You disgrace the fairy kind! While your fellows are sipping dew of harebell blossoms or satisfying their delicate appetites with the perfume of fairyland roses, you are moping around and pining for roast-beef! It all comes of the degraded tastes you acquired when you lived on the earth as a mortal. The idea of a taste so depraved as to prefer roast-beef to clover honey, or a cup of

coffee—or may be something worse—to the sparkling dew! It's shocking!

DE LAY. Roast-beef and coffee are very filling, I'm sure.

SERENA. O, these boys earth-born of mortals
They are very curious things!
You may take one to Serene-land
And may fit him with the wings,
And the graces of a fairy,
Then transform him to a sprite,
But despite the many changes
He will keep his appetite.

That is the only thing he does not forget. But, De Lay, if it really does make you feel so very bad, allow me to look at the list. I do this in consideration of the day, but I do not want it to occur again.

[*Looks at book in astonishment.*]

SERENA. And Tommy ate all that! No wonder he is disgusted with life! He must be punished. Where are the Imps of the Nightmare? Summon them at once!

DE LAY. Allow me to consult my reference book. Ah! they are just over the way. I'll have them here in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exit.*]

[SERENA *surveys* TOMMY *in sad silence.*]

SERENA. Tommy needs the lesson. It will go hard, but he must have it. [*Noise outside.*] Ah, here they come!

DE LAY [*outside, with fright*]. No! no! you shan't! I've had no supper, and I don't deserve the nightmare.

[*Enter* DE LAY *and* IMPS *in wildest confusion. They keep up continual noise, running to and fro. Surround* TOMMY, *pinch and torture him in every way. Red lights.*]

FIRST IMP. Sir Imps, we're for amusement now!

CHORUS OF IMPS. Wough! Wough!! Wough!!!

FIRST IMP. Full scope for fun we'll now allow!

CHORUS OF IMPS. Wough! Wough!! Wough!!!

FIRST IMP. We're going to have a general row!

CHORUS OF IMPS. Wough! Wough!! Wough!!!

[TOMMY *restless. Tosses hands, etc.* SERENA *claps hands;* IMPS *disappear, shouting.*]

SERENA. Say, Tommy, how do you like the nightmare?

[SERENA *and* DE LAY *retire back of* TOMMY'S *chair.*]

TOMMY [*awaking*]. Ough! Where am I? Oh, I've had an awful time! I thought I was a turkey and it was Thanksgiving

Day! I had just found a mince pie, and by trying to eat it all at once was slowly choking to death! Oh, it was awful! I wish, though, that I had a piece of mince pie!

[*Enter* IMPS. *Chorus by* IMPS, SERENA *and* DE LAY.]

Oh, what a thing it is to see
His awful appetite!
The quantity that that boy eats
Astonishes us quite.
Whenever he sits down to eat,
We Imps are always sure to meet;
For well we know we'll have to greet
Him with a bad nightmare!

Oh, you little glutton,
Eat your fill!
Turkey, beef and mutton—
What you will;
But perhaps you'd better have a little care,
Or when you try to sleep you'll have nightmare!

[*Exeunt* IMPS.]

TOMMY [*in great surprise*]. Who are you?

DE LAY. I am Sir Longworth——

SERENA [*motioning* DE LAY *aside*]. I am Serena, the Queen of all the Fairies. The Chief of my Department of Information, Long De Lay, has apprised me of the fact that you are suffering from that most terrible of all diseases—Chronic Grumbling. I am here on this Thanksgiving night to try to effect a cure. De Lay! summon Dr. Jollie Smyle!

DE LAY. Dr. Jollie Smyle? Allow me to consult my reference book! Ah, here he is. I'll have him here in the—— [*Exit, talking.*]

TOMMY. I don't want no doctor to dose me with his nasty medicine!

SERENA. Oh, don't you? Well, Mister Tommy, I was not aware that I asked your opinion of the matter. For the public safety, as well as your own good, your case must be given attention, for grumbling is a disease very dangerous and contagious. It destroys the peace of mind—not only of the person afflicted, but also of everyone with whom he comes in contact, as well. If the grumbler is a woman, she grumbles—just because. If it is a man, he grumbles because it is his nature. The grumbler grumbles at the weather; he grumbles because times are hard;

because the country is going to ruin; because the world is so wicked; because everything goes wrong; because—a thousand other things. He grumbles at all times and on all occasions; and when he can find absolutely nothing about which to grumble he will greet you with a sigh, a drawl, and a "Well, I can't complain!" But here comes Dr. Jollie Smyle [*enter* DR. SMYLE *and* DE LAY], who can diagnosticate the case more satisfactorily.

DR. SMYLE [*sings*]. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
What have we here—
A patient melancholy?
Ah, yes; I see!
Come, you must be
More cheerful and more jolly.

[*Enter* FLOWER SPRITES. *Chorus by* SPRITES *and* DR. S.]

Powders and pills,
Syrup and squills,
I } use on no condition.
You }
Drugs only kill.
Use for all ill
A cheerful disposition.

DR. S. [*solo*]. Well, smiles for tears
And hope for fears,
For such is my prescription.
And if he wills,
'Twill cure all ills,
Of every known description.

Chorus:

Powders and pills, etc.

DR. S. Come, Tommy, let me feel your pulse. Bad, bad, very bad! And your tongue. Dear, dear! It is covered, an inch thick, with a grumbeliferous coating, that so lubricates it that it can utter complaints at both ends at one and the same time. [*Abstractedly.*] This disease is very pernicious in its effects, and, worst of all, it is contagious. As to a cure, I don't know what to do! A little strap oil may sometimes be applied with beneficial results, if the patient is young, but that is rather heroic treatment. I think I can find some other way. Who are these? [*To* SERENA.]

SERENA. These are my Flower Sprites. They, of all the subjects of my realm, are most contented; so uncomplaining are they, that I have never had occasion to reprimand one of them for grumbling. This is because they are so situated that they may observe its bad effects on others, by which they learn a lesson early in life.

DR. S. How very interesting!

SERENA [*in a satisfied manner*]. Yes. Mari-Gold, you may relate the story of "Father Time's Road."

MARI-GOLD. Of a wonderful road I will tell in a rhyme,
And the people that make up its sum.
Oh, it goes from the country of Once-on-a-Time,
To the land of the Kingdom-to-Come.

In the dim long ago Father Time laid its plan,
That the people might pass on life's way;
There were only a few when the journey began,
But they kept on increasing each day—

And they daily increased, till a numberless throng
Reaches now from the East to the West,
Of the tall and the short, and the weak and the strong,
Wise and simple, the worst and the best.

Every pilgrim that plods o'er this great thoroughfare
Bears a burden of things on his back:
There are sorrows, mistakes, and bits of sharp care,
And the business of life in each pack.

In the springtime I grew all alone by the way,
Where I listed their stories, each word;
There I watched the queer faces of people each day,
And their 'plainings of trouble I heard.

On a hot summer day came a wrinkled old man,
And he carried a huge weight of gold,
That worried him sadly; from his brow the sweat ran,
But he only clutched tighter his hold.

And he sighed for the pieces that fell from his load;
He wished he had twice as much more;
Oft he grumbled the days that he'd trodden the road,
Then was sorry the way was half o'er.

Once a little girl came, with bright, pretty, brown eyes,
But her voice, all as silv'ry as bells,
Was discord in grumbling—she had everything nice,
Still she wanted to want something else.

Next, a man and his wife, in a terrible stew,
Were quite the unhappiest I saw;
For it seem'd the love-tie that made one of the two
Had been snarled into tangles of law.

If he wanted to walk to the left—"Oh, because,"
Why, she wanted to go to the right.
So they struggled and tugged till a Doctor of Laws
Cut the cords, and they parted from sight.

'Mid the pilgrims, sometimes, tired of mile after mile,
Comes a man with a jolly, bright song;
And the people look up, and the people all smile,
As he merrily trudges along.

There's a magical note in this traveler's air
As he cheerily offers his aid,
And the joy of the weary he lightens of care
Is the coin of the realm where he's paid.

Thus they come and they go o'er this wonderful road,
And I ofttimes wish I could go, too.
I should like to be gay in that large, mournful crowd;
But I'll have to remain where I grew.

SERENA [*sharply*]. There, Mari-Gold! If you continue, you will make our patient worse. Oh, dear! I really believe it is catch——

DR. S. [*not hearing* SERENA'S *interruption*]. There's a moral in that tale which I hope Tommy will find.

SERENA [*in a relieved tone*]. Yes, a moral for Tommy—and for all of us; for grumbling is one of the worst of afflictions.

CHORUS OF SPRITES. *Grumbling?* Tommy grumbling? Oh! oh!

VIOLET. Tommy Unthanke! I'm ashamed of you!

PANSY. Ashamed of him! Well, I am too.

CHORUS OF SPRITES. Can you find nothing else to do,
But grumble and growl,
And snarl and howl,
When things go wrong and don't suit you?

SUNFLOWER. It certainly is surprising that Tommy Unthanke, with all the comforts of a home and kind friends, should ever be caught grumbling. Now, if he were in our place——

SERENA. In your place? Has dissatisfaction seized all my cheerful Flower Sprites? Pray tell me, what is the matter?

DAISY [*sings solo mournfully, chorus of* SPRITES *joining in "Oh, Pity." Sung to the tune of "Tit Willow"*].

PRAY TELL ME WHAT IS THE MATTER.

All day in the valley we bloom all alone,
Oh, pity! oh, pity! oh, pity!
The loneliest spot where the sun ever shone,
Oh, pity! oh, pity! oh, pity!
Oh, hard is the fortune that dooms us to stay
In the same cheerless place, never moving away,
Without a companion to cheer the long day,
Oh, pity! oh, pity! oh, pity!

The botanist comes with his sharp, cruel knives,
Oh, pity! oh, pity! oh, pity!
And for his collection he ends our short lives,
Oh, pity! oh, pity! oh, pity!
But when our bright petals we close for the night,
The stars shine above us and twinkle so bright,
We hope that they see us and pity our plight,
Oh, pity! oh, pity! oh, pity!

DR. S. [*interrupting*]. Here, let me see your tongue—your pulse. Oh, it's awful—awful! Just as I feared! The disease is spreading. How shall I stop it? [*During these remarks, rushes nervously from one sprite to another, looking at tongues and timing pulses, etc.*]

HASTE AWAY

DR. S. [*sings solo*]. Oh, I say, it is outrageous!
Don't you see it is contagious?
Haste away, haste away, these sprites!
They are surely breeding trouble,
They our work will surely double;
Haste away, haste, you sprites!

SPRITES [*chorus*]. If you've come to the conclusion
That we add to the confusion,

We'll away, we'll away, away!
But pray think of our condition,
And relieve our hard position.
Come away, come away, away!

Come, then, sprites, we must be flying,
They must no more hear our sighing.
Come away, come away, away!
While in solitude we're pining,
For our graves we'll wreaths be twining.
We'll away, we'll away, away! [*Exeunt* SPRITES.]

DE LAY. There are some strangers outside. Shall I admit them?

SERENA. By all means. Bid them enter.

[DE LAY *signals. Enter* STAR SPRITES, *singing:*]

From the milky way we've flown,
Space ethereal is our home,
In the heaven's azure blue.
When 'tis night and all is still,
Then we wander forth at will,
And with pleasure we greet you.

Chorus:

Oh, we twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,
Till our merry faces wrinkle,
Oh, we twinkle, twinkle, twinkle all the night;
Oh, our funny faces wrinkle,
As we twinkle and we twinkle,
As we wrinkle, tinkle, twinkle till 'tis light.

When the sun has hid his head,
In his rocky mountain bed,
Then we come with our bright light.
When the moon has gone to sleep,
Then we from our curtain peep,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

Chorus:

Oh, we twinkle, etc.

SERENA. I am glad that you have come. We have a little boy here who is inclined to look on the gloomy side of life; in fact, he is a chronic grumbler, and we want you to help us to show him that life is worth living.

FIRST S. Come, young man, tell us what is the matter.

TOMMY. Oh, nothing goes right. I'm always having trouble. I can't have everything I want, and I do have lots of things I don't want.

SPRITES. Oh, is that all!

SECOND S. Why, everybody has trouble of that kind. Even we find disagreeable things in life, but the pleasant things more than balance them.

FIRST S. Yes, even the Man-in-the-Moon has some troubles.

[*Recites.*]

You might think that the Man-in-the-Moon, living high,
Would never, oh, never, complain,
But would calmly look down from his home in the sky,
And perhaps sing this jolly refrain:

[*Chorus, very animated, quick time.* STARS *join hands and dance around* TOMMY'S *chair as they sing, keeping time with the bells on stars.*]

HEIGH HO!

Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
Away I go!
Sailing the calm, blue sky.
He hi! Ho ho!
Truly I know
None half so gay as I.

The moon's my boat,
Away I float,
All through the silv'ry night;
While all around,
There comes the sound
Of stars that tinkle bright.

Tra la Tra la!
Tra la Tra la!
Tra la la! Tra la la!

Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
Away I go
Sailing the calm, blue sky.
He hi! Ho ho!
Truly I know
None half so gay as I.

FIRST S. [*Recites.*]

THE MAN IN THE MOON

But the Man-in-the-Moon, does not see it that way;
He isn't so happy—not quite!
For he keeps up a growling and grumbling all day,
And mournfully sighs all the night.

He can't understand why the haughty old Sun
Should only do work in the day,
When it's easy enough to do what's to be done,
For then it is light anyway!

"But alas!" says the Man-in-the-Moon, with a sigh,
"With me it is different quite,
If you notice I have to illumine the sky,
And chase out the darkness, *at night!*

"And then there's another thing troubles me much,
And that is this changing old Moon;
In the rest of the sky you can never find such
A changeable thing—for as soon

"As it gets itself made up in any one size,
And I think it's decided at last,
Does it straightway begin and before my two eyes
Change back to its form of the past!"

Thus the Man-in-the-Moon, in the dismalest tones,
Bewails his hard lot and pours out
A heart-breaking tale, interspersed with sad groans,
That puts every pleasure to rout.

TOMMY. Oh, well, that's all right for the Man-in-the-Moon; but what good does that do me? Now, if I was in his place, or your place, I am sure I would not complain. You never have to go to bed until morning; you live high and see something of the world; you have everything your own way.

THIRD S. Don't be too sure of that! The Milky Way is not always flowing with milk and honey.

FOURTH S. No, indeed, we have troubles more than a little.

TOMMY. Pray tell me what troubles you have.

FIFTH S. Oh, the Milky Way is a lonesome place——

ALL SPRITES [*dismally*]. That's just the case!

FIFTH S. Except the stars, there's not a face

ALL SPRITES. In all the place.

FIFTH S. The Great Bear growls when he's around.
ALL SPRITES. A dismal sound!
FIFTH S. The Lesser Bear a voice has found,
ALL SPRITES. He'll not be downed.
FIFTH S. The Man-in-the-Moon throws slurs at us,
ALL SPRITES. Stirs up a fuss;
FIFTH S. But worst of all, we're all alone.
ALL SPRITES. We're all alone!
FIFTH S. We want companions in that Zone.

ALL SPRITES. For them we groan.
Alone, we groan in piteous tone;
In piteous tone we groan and moan
For gay companions in that Zone.
Alone, we moan and groan and moan,
In piteous tone, alone, we groan
For gay companions; this alone
Is why we groan—

TOMMY. There! there! there! pray do stop! [*In disgust.*] You are nice people!

SPRITES. If you please, we are not people!

TOMMY. Well, whatever you are, I must say you are pretty specimens. You are as bad as the Flower Sprites. Here you are preaching contentment to me, and, with the very next breath, setting up a howl of complaint that would raise the dead. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?

SPRITES [*spitefully*]. No, we are not!

DR. S. [*in despair*]. Just as I feared, just as I feared! They've got it too!

SERENA. Is there no help for them?

TOMMY. I say there's no sense in it at all! Why, one would think you hadn't a friend in the world!

SPRITES. Ho, ho! Tommy Unthanke preaching to us! This is too funny! Tommy Unthanke, the chronic grumbler! Ho, ho, ho!

TOMMY. There! Stop! Never call me that again, for, from this time forth, I never grumble more!

DR. S. } The cure is effected!
SERENA. } Good for Tommy!
DE LAY. } Three cheers for Tommy!

ALL. Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

FIRST S. Hooray! But that does not help us any.

SERENA. True enough! What shall be done on this Thanksgiving Day for the cheerless Flower Sprites and the lonesome Star Sprites?

TOMMY. 'Tis a fact to be lamented
That the Stars are not contented,
Yet a way could be invented
For their cure.
For the Flowers feel forsaken—
Loneliness their hearts have taken,
But I can their joy awaken
I am sure.
So let us consider whether
We can't bring them all together,
For 'tis said, birds of a feather
Will—you know!

SERENA. Very good. I'm sure we'll never
Find a plan that is more clever,
So to try it we'll endeavor;
Be it so!

DE LAY. Well, I suppose that that means I must find those Flower Sprites. Where are they? Allow me to consult my reference book. Ah, yes, as good luck will have it just over the way. I'll have them here in a— [*Exit, talking.*]

DR. S. [*feeling* TOMMY'*s pulse*]. I hope Her Majesty will never be troubled by Tommy again.

TOMMY. Oh, she won't! It's a sure cure.

SERENA. Ah, here are the Flower Sprites. [*Enter* SPRITES *and* DE LAY *slowly, with bowed heads.*] See how sad they are! To think what a terrible thing discontent is! I must hasten to dispel it. My Flower Sprites, you see before you the Star Sprites from the Milky Way. [FLOWER *and* STAR SPRITES *bow low.*] Like you, they have been very discontented. They have been sighing for companions. I think you can each see in the other a solution of your difficulty, and though you are usually separated by several millions of miles, you can show complaining mortals—

DR. S. [*interrupting*]. Her Highness will pardon the interruption, but I would suggest that she does not point the moral. A moral that must be pointed out is as bad as a joke that needs explaining.

SERENA. Very well, then, I will leave everyone to find his own moral.

FIRST F. S. We can all find it I am sure, and by our future conduct show it to others. But first, dear Queen, allow us to thank you—

STAR SPRITES. Yes, and us also!

FIRST S. S. We can all now be very happy, can we not?

ALL SPRITES. Indeed we will!

SERENA. All but poor De Lay. Somehow he does not like fairy life. Well, I suppose it is his nature, and as he has been here a year, and must certainly have learned a needed lesson by this time, I think I may safely return him to the earth again. Longworth De Lay, by virtue of this order of Serena, Queen of all Fairies, your position as Chief of her Cabinet of Information and Messenger Department is now declared vacant, and you may prepare to return to your home on the earth—to roast-beef and kindred delights.

DE LAY [*tearing off book and cap*]. Hurrah! Thanks to Her Gracious Majesty! Everyday will be Thanksgiving Day when I get back home. [*Rushes off stage.*]

SERENA. He is very happy! Come, Sprites, it is several hours before the morning breaks. Let us away and spend the time in fun and frolic. Our work is done; now for our fairy revels.

[SERENA *and* DR. JOLLIE SMYLE *lead* SPRITES *in a pretty march around stage to lively music and exeunt, while* TOMMY *falls gradually asleep. As the last* SPRITE *leaves stage and music ceases,* TOMMY *awakes, and starting up cries:*]

TOMMY. What a dream! How foolish I have been to be so discontented! Well, this has taught me a lesson. Hereafter, I'll try to do less grumbling. [*To audience.*] Cannot you, too, profit by my

THANKSGIVING DREAM?

CURTAIN.

Thanksgiving

(*For a primary pupil to recite.*)

It is Thanksgiving morning, and near and far away
The glad church bells are ringing to hail Thanksgiving day;
With their silvery entreaty, they call the heart to prayer,
From traffic and from labor, from merriment and care.

Songs for Thanksgiving

By Lettie E. Sterling

(The following songs are adapted to airs with which the children are familiar. The first four are for the grammar grade, and the last two for the primary.)

Grateful Are the Songs We Raise

(*Tune: "Ring the Bells of Heaven."*)

Hearts and voices blended in a grateful song,
Happily we're going on our way;
Thoughts to us are coming as we march along,
Of the good we're finding every day.

Chorus:

Grateful, grateful are the songs we raise;
Joyful, joyful are our notes of praise;
For we're bearing with us all along our way
Gifts that do our daily labors pay.

Many sheaves we gather from our labor seeds,
Many joys from doing duty grow;
And the kind rewarding of our little deeds
Makes our souls with music overflow.—*Cho.*

Sweet the gift of labor, sweet it is to feel
That we have the power to create;
And results of toiling unto us reveal
Ways in which to open Blessing's gate.—*Cho.*

Pleasant are the bounties coming through our work
Dear are all the prizes that we gain;
Gratitude we'll prove by trying not to shirk,
Then there'll be no tares among our grain.—*Cho.*

Happy Thanksgiving Day

(*Tune: "Vive L'Amour."*)

Soon will this country a holiday see,
Happy Thanksgiving Day,
Then in each state what rejoicing there'll be,
Happy Thanksgiving Day.

Chorus:

Gratitude, gratitude, gratitude reigns;
Gratitude, gratitude, gratitude reigns;
Gratitude reigns, gratitude reigns,
Happy Thanksgiving Day.

Yes, there'll be gladness wherever friends meet,
Happy Thanksgiving Day,
Tables will hold all that's dainty and sweet,
Happy Thanksgiving Day,

O, 'tis a festival full of true joy,
Happy Thanksgiving Day,
Rendering praises men's powers employ,
Happy Thanksgiving Day,

This the Yearly Thankful Time

(*Tune: "Beulah Land."*)

Our voices meet in happy chime
At this the yearly thankful time;
To show our gratitude we sing,
Far sweeter strains we fain would bring.

Chorus:

Thanksgiving day! Thanksgiving day!
'Tis then our nation tries to pay
Its heavy debt of gratitude
For bountiful supplies of food,
And richest blessings that expand
To cover all of Freedom's land.

Throughout our country's breadth to-day
Prosperity is holding sway,
And marvellous events we track
In all its history, looking back.—*Cho.*

We'll light our hearts these gloomy days
With sweet contentment's cheerful rays,
For mercies prove our thankfulness
By useful lives that help and bless.—*Cho.*

Heap High the Farmer's Wintry Hoard!

J. G. WHITTIER

(*Sung to "Auld Lang Syne."*)

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
  Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn!
Let other lands, exulting, glean
  The apple from the pine,
  The orange from its glossy green,
  The cluster from the vine.

All through the long, bright days of June
  Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
  Its soft and yellow hair.
And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
  Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
  And bear the treasure home.

We Shell the Corn

Three or four small children enter carrying ears of pop-corn, and poppers and pans. They are decorated with strings of popped corn. They merrily seat themselves on floor (or they may carry in with them little stools), and shell corn into pans, singing),

(*Air: "With a rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go."*)

We shell the corn for a pop-corn ball,
The kernels rattle as they fall,
It's fun for us and fun for all;
  We merrily shell the corn.

The kernels grow in a little row,
It's time for them to come off, you know,
So into the pan they clattering go;
  We merrily shell the corn.

(*They pour corn from pans into corn-poppers*)
The firelight flickers through the room,
It lights the fleeting spots of gloom,
The pop-corn bursts in snowy bloom,
As we merrily pop the corn.

(*They shake poppers in time to singing.*)
Pop, pop! The red coals make them pop!
The little ones under, the big on top;
Against the lid of the pan they hop;
We merrily pop the corn.
(*Rise, carry poppers with them, dance merrily off stage.*)

All the Baskets Fill

(*Tune: "Whosoever Will."*)

With a share of goodies all the baskets fill;
To the poorer people carry them we will;
Thus, with loving-kindness, we the murmurs still,
Make a glad Thanksgiving day.

Chorus:

Fill the baskets up! Fill the baskets up!
Bid the hungry, hungry people freely sup;
Give to them a swallow from your spilling cup,
Make a glad Thanksgiving day.

Blessed more are givers than the ones who get;
Loving self-denial never brings regret:
Dainties of the feast-time near the hungry set,
Make a glad Thanksgiving day.

Like a ray of sunshine to the dwellings rude
Come the ladened hampers packed with savory food.
Will you not be causes of the gratitude,
Make a glad Thanksgiving day.

Doing good to others bringeth happiness;
Giving of our bounty doth that bounty bless;
Every cheerful giver will the joy confess,
Make a glad Thanksgiving day.

Little Lips Can Sing

(*Tune: "Jolly Old St. Nicholas."*)

Little songs, all full of joy, little lips can sing;
Little voices, soft and sweet, may their tribute bring;
Little verses can express what we wish to tell
Of a loving care that keeps little folks so well.

Kindly on us little ones beams a Father's smile;
Tender care and watchfulness guard us all the while;
For the pleasant things we have, clothing, shelter, food,
We would, in our happy songs, show our gratitude.

We Say, Good-by, Thanksgiving Day

MOTION SONG

(*Tune: "Tramp, tramp, tramp."*)

We are stepping with our feet, they are firm and strong and fleet;
Ought not that to make our hearts with joy o'erflow?
They will take us without fail up the hill or through the dale,
Into all our paths of duty they will go.
But down through all the coming years we'll carry memories,
And so the brightness of these hours will in the future please.

Chorus:

Joyful Thanksgiving, joyful, tra la la la!
Joyful Thanksgiving, tra la la —— ——

We say good-by, Thanksgiving day, so full of light and cheer,
Come show to us your smiling face in every future year;
We say good-by, Thanksgiving day, and while we sadly sing,
Our hearts with voices sweetly blend and parting tribute bring.

We Welcome Dear Thanksgiving Day

(*Tune: "Solomon Levi."*)

O gladly, on Thanksgiving day, bright happy songs we sing,
For gratitude can make the words with joy and sweetness ring.
We look about on every hand and, lo, we nowhere turn
But that rich bounties make our hearts with thankful feelings burn.

Chorus:

Joyful Thanksgiving, joyful, tra la la la!
Joyful Thanksgiving, tra la la la la la la la la!
We welcome dear Thanksgiving day with music and with cheer.
It shows to us its smiling face but once in every year;
We welcome dear Thanksgiving day and while we gayly sing,
Our hearts with voices sweetly blend and greeting tribute bring.
(*Repeat.*)

(Second verse, with its "good-by" may be sung at close of exercises of Thanksgiving day.)

The light of every holiday must surely have an end,
And stopped must be the mirth and glee where friend has met with friend;

Chorus:

Yes, yes, yes, to-day we're thankful [*nodding heads*],
No, we'll not ungrateful be [*shaking heads*];
But will use our limbs so strong for the work that comes along [*swinging right foot*],
Walking in each way of duty we can see [*swinging left foot*].

Autumn Day, Fruitful Day!

(*Recitation for a primary pupil.*)

Autumn day, fruitful day!
See what God hath given away!
Orchard trees with fruit are bending,
Harvest wains are homeward wending;
And the Lord all o'er the land
Opens wide His bounteous hand.
Children, gathering fruits that fall,
Think of God, who gives them all.

Filled and Running O'er

(*Autumn*)

And we to-day, amidst our flowers
  And fruits, have come to own again
The blessing of the summer hours,
  The early and the latter rain.

To see our Father's hand once more
  Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of autumn, filled and running o'er
  With fruit, and flower, and golden corn!

Once more the liberal year laughs out
  O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
  Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
  And piled with fruit, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
  The early and the latter rain.

Thanksgiving Verse Acrostic

Have the letters of the word "Thanksgiving" made of pasteboard and covered with evergreen or some fancy paper. These letters should not be displayed till the twelve have taken places and recited. Then, suddenly, all should bring letters from where they were held (down at side, in right hand) and place in front of them. Drill will be necessary to perfect this exercise.

T.—The little folks will now appear;
They too have thanks to give
Unto the God whose mercy great
Permits them still to live.

H.—How many of us are there here,
With happy hearts and light,
Now helping to give thanks and cheer
To our dear friends to-night.

A.—"A" do I bring and put in place
Helping a little; see?
God is well pleased with little thanks
From little girls like me.

N.—"N" comes the next, and here am I,
Rosy and full of glee.
I thank your God that through this year
Good health was given me.

K.—"K" is for our King and Lord,
Who made and clothed the earth;
To him we offer praise and thanks
For all that it brings forth.

S.—Each one of us must do his part.
"S" is the letter that I bring;
Hang it up high so all can see
That I, too, thank the King.

G.—"G" comes now to do her part,
And say her little prayer;
'Tis this: "O Lord, I thank thee
For all thy love and care."

I.—I am quite small, but you'll agree
Small boys to great men grow;
Even now I can thank the Lord
For grain which we plant and mow.

V.—"V" stands for vines, once graceful and green,
That waved in the summer breeze;
Now they are yellow, but here is the fruit.
My prayer is, "I thank Thee for these."

I.—Another "I" now doth appear,
Tenth in the list he ranks;
Gladly he does his little part
In the evening's "giving of thanks."

N.—Now nearly finished is the word
That tells why we are here;
I hope that all, when we are done,
Will thank our Lord so dear.

G.—God our Father, Saviour, King,
Accept our grateful praise,
For all the good that we have known
Of life and length of days.

All.—"Thanksgiving" is the motto bright [*Letters held in sight.*]
We now have made for you;
Dear friends, lift up your hearts in prayer,
'Tis what all men should do.

Thanksgiving Morning

It is Thanksgiving morning, and near and far away
The glad church bells are ringing to hail Thanksgiving day;
With their silvery entreaty, they call the heart to prayer,
From traffic and from labor, from merriment and care.

Thanksgiving Days

(Boy who speaks this must enter into spirit of narrative.)

The days before "Thanksgiving,"
  What busy days they were!
How father, mother, Jane and I
  All labored to prepare!

The wagon-loads of fruit and grain
  That poured upon us then;
The merry laughter of the maids,
  The jesting of the men!

Oh, 'twas a sight to make one jump
  (At least a boy like me),
Of custards, jellies, cakes, and pies
  Such quantities to see!

My mother said, "Now, Ben, my boy"
  (You see my name is Ben),
"Go search the hay-loft well for eggs,
  Where hides the tufted hen."

The turkeys too,—poor witless things!—
  That gobble round our door,
Must sacrifice their tender breasts
  For our "Thanksgiving" store.

The dinner came,—but here, alas!
  I find description weak;
For words to suit those pumpkin-pies
  'Twere vain indeed to seek;

And all the fair array of meats,
  Of fowl and flesh and fish,—
'Twas too much good enjoyed at once,
  With nothing left to wish.

But mother, in her kindly heart,
  Never forgot the poor;
And many a humbler board was spread
  From her abundant store.

The evening twilight settled down;
  More friends and neighbors came,
Chatted in groups apart, or joined
  The shout-provoking game.

Father danced, and mother too;
  'Twas wonderful to see
How young they looked there opposite
  To Sophia Lee and me.

I'll wind up with the very words
  I've often heard them say,—
"Thank God for all His annual gifts,
  And this Thanksgiving Day!"

Harvest Treasures

We gathered round our Easter shrine,
  And sang our songs of gladness;
The resurrection of the spring
  Dispelled the winter's sadness.

The sun and rain prepared the ground,
  The seed fulfilled its mission;
Each tender blade looked up to Him
  Who gives the glad fruition.

Then, when the summer days were long,
  And earth was full of beauty,
We gathered, once again, to sing
  Of Hope and Love and Duty.

With joyful praise we come again,
Our harvest treasures bringing;
Thanksgiving hymns from grateful hearts
Through all the land are ringing.

The storehouse and the barns are filled
With autumn's golden treasure,
The Giver of the increase sends
His blessings without measure.

From Pilgrim Land

There was a little Pilgrim maid
Who used to sit up so;
I wonder if she ever laughed
Two hundred years ago.

She wore such funny little mitts,
And dainty cap of silk.
She had a little porringer
For her brown bread and milk.

She was so good,—so *very good;*
Ah, me, I 'most despair;
She never tore her Sabbath dress
A-sliding down the stair.

But then I really try and try
To do the best I can;
P'r'aps I can be *almost* as good
As little Puritan.

And if, when next Thanksgiving comes,
I try to sit up so,
Maybe I'll seem from Pilgrim land
Two hundred years ago.

Action:

First Stanza. Hands folded in prim manner, body erect.
Second Stanza. Hand held to show mitts. Point to cap.
Third Stanza. Gesture of despair. Dress held out at sides.
Fourth Stanza. Hands folded. Points to self.
Fifth Stanza. Prim position as in first stanza.

The Deacon's Thanksgiving

By Willis Hawkins

(*From the Repertoire of Mrs. Frederick W. Pender.*)

Old Deacon Bodell was the cheeriest man
You'd meet with in many a day.
He 'lowed that the Lord had a pretty good plan
For running the world, and he'd say,
"I'm thankful that things are about as they are—
They could be a mighty sight wuss—
An' the things we've complained of the loudest so far
Have proved to be blessin's to us."

When others lamented the drought he'd reply,
"It's better than having a flood,
An' we ought to thank God when the weather is dry
That we don't have to waller in mud."
Yet when it was stormy he'd never complain,
But say with immutable trust,
"The Lord in his goodness has sent us the rain
To lay the discomfortin't dust."

When adversity smote him it fell like the dew
On a mountain's impervious crest,
For his simple philosophy held to view
That everything worked for the best.
And for others misfortunes he always could find
Such sweet consolation to give.
It seemed that he envied the halt and the blind
The lives they were destined to live.

One day he was caught in a thrashing machine.
It cost him a leg, but he said,
"That's getting off cheaper than some I have seen.
I'm thankful it wasn't my head."
And always thereafter he stumped on a peg
Or patiently went with a crutch,
Declaring, "I'm saving a lot on that leg—
My socks only cost half as much."

When his end was approaching he said with a smile,
As they folded his hands on his breast,

"I've worked pretty hard a consid'able while.
An' I'm thankful to git a good rest."
So he went through the world strewing smiles on his way
And the neighbors surviving him tell
That no matter what happened, it seemed every day
Was Thanksgiving for Ezra Bodell.

The Dinner Time of Thanksgiving

(*A la Japanese.*)

The old mother is thus busy in the kitchen with the Japanese help boy. At half-pastly eleven she finish the baking of pies. Taking the pies, she say to the boy, "How nicely the pies are done! I am a good kooker. Isn't it?" Then she and the boy, sweating from the head by the stove are sometimes looking into the roast turkey of the oven. Much busy is both. But all things are done at twelve. And the table is already setted. She callem into the parlor, "Come now, the dinner is ready." And turning to the boy, "Ring the bell for the up-stairs." But at the parlor, the daughters of the mother, one is already married, are playing the music. Elder daughter, as if she does not hear the mother's call, sings loudly and happyly; and her husband join with his wife in the roking chair by the stove, with taking the time by the shaping of the morning's paper by his right hand. The little sister lost her senses for the playing. All the three don't mind the dinner. "Come here, children, don't you hear me," cried the mother. "Wait minutes," says they. Then from the up-stairs came down the father. "Now," says the mother, "come, sit on the table." Then the three came to the table with the joyful face. Then the dinner of the Thanksgiving begins. They eat talking and laughing, while the Japanese boy sits at the kitchen window gazing lonely into the outside which is all raining.

Father, We Thank Thee

Father, we thank Thee for fruit and grain.
Gold of the harvest that covers the plain.
For all the kindness that follows our way,
Father we thank Thee to-day.

Father, we thank Thee for parents and friends,
All the good gifts that Thy loving heart sends,
Gratefully, tenderly, gladly we say
Father we thank Thee to-day.

Pilgrims, True and Brave

Exercises for Four Boys dressed in Colonial costume, carrying toy guns as muskets.

FIRST BOY—

We look like brave, true Pilgrims sir, (1)
Who lived long, long ago;
We stand like soldiers, staunch and true (2)
Alert to fight the foe.

SECOND BOY—

Those Pilgrims left their homes, sir,
And sailed across the sea; (3)
They cleared the vast, dense forest,
They chopped down many a tree. (4)

THIRD BOY—

They built their little homes, sir,
In this bright land so fair;
They sowed their grains broadcast, (5)
And reaped a harvest rare.

FOURTH BOY—

They shot at many a savage, (6)
They conquered many a foe;
They marched in many a battle, (7)
In those days of long ago. (8)

ALL TOGETHER—

Yet through those years of hardship,
They never forgot to pray; (9)
But praised God for His kindness.
And thanked Him day by day.

Directions:

(1) Low Bow.
(2) Heads erect.
(3) Hand points to east moving horizontally.
(4) Motion as of chopping down tree.
(5) Motion as of sowing seed.
(6) Point muskets as if in act of shooting.
(7) March a few steps forward.
(8) Counter march to original position.
(9) Eyes and head downcast and lowered.